

RECREATION NUMBER

THE READER

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FEBRUARY 1907 25 CENTS



W. C. MERRILL COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, INDIANA

KRANICH AND BACH PIANOS

Are you
thinking
of buying
a piano?

If you are you should go about it as carefully as you would any life investment for the home.

For nearly 50 years our instruments have proven themselves the greatest possible piano value *at any cost*, in equivalents of handsome appearance, tone, quality and durability. All we ask is an opportunity to PROVE to you before you buy.

Send for handsome new catalog and name of nearest agency

Address **KRANICH & BACH**

233-245 East Twenty-third Street, NEW YORK CITY



THE DELICIOUS DENTIFRICE



RUBIFOAM

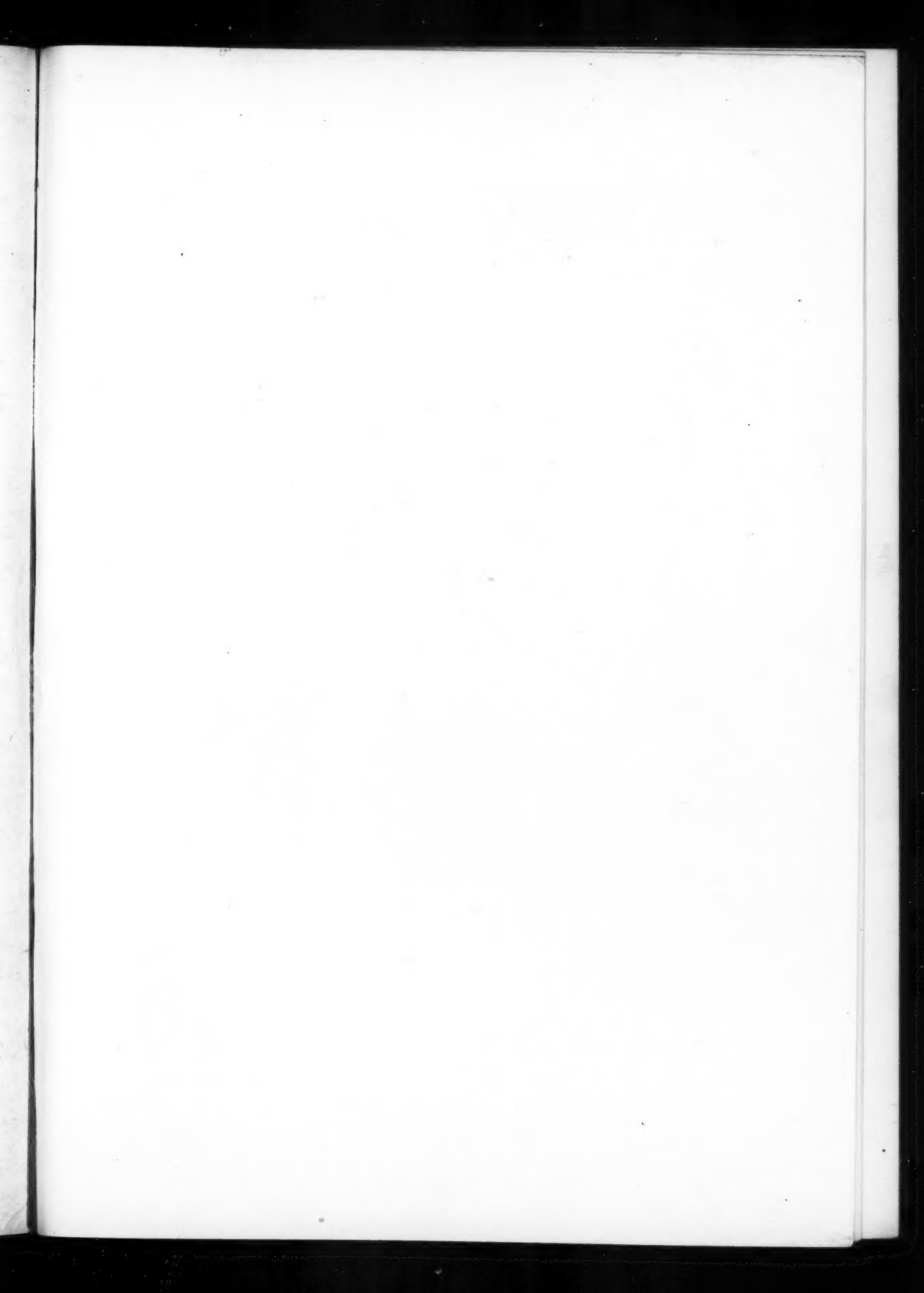
JUST LIKE PEARLS
PURE • WHITE • SPARKLING

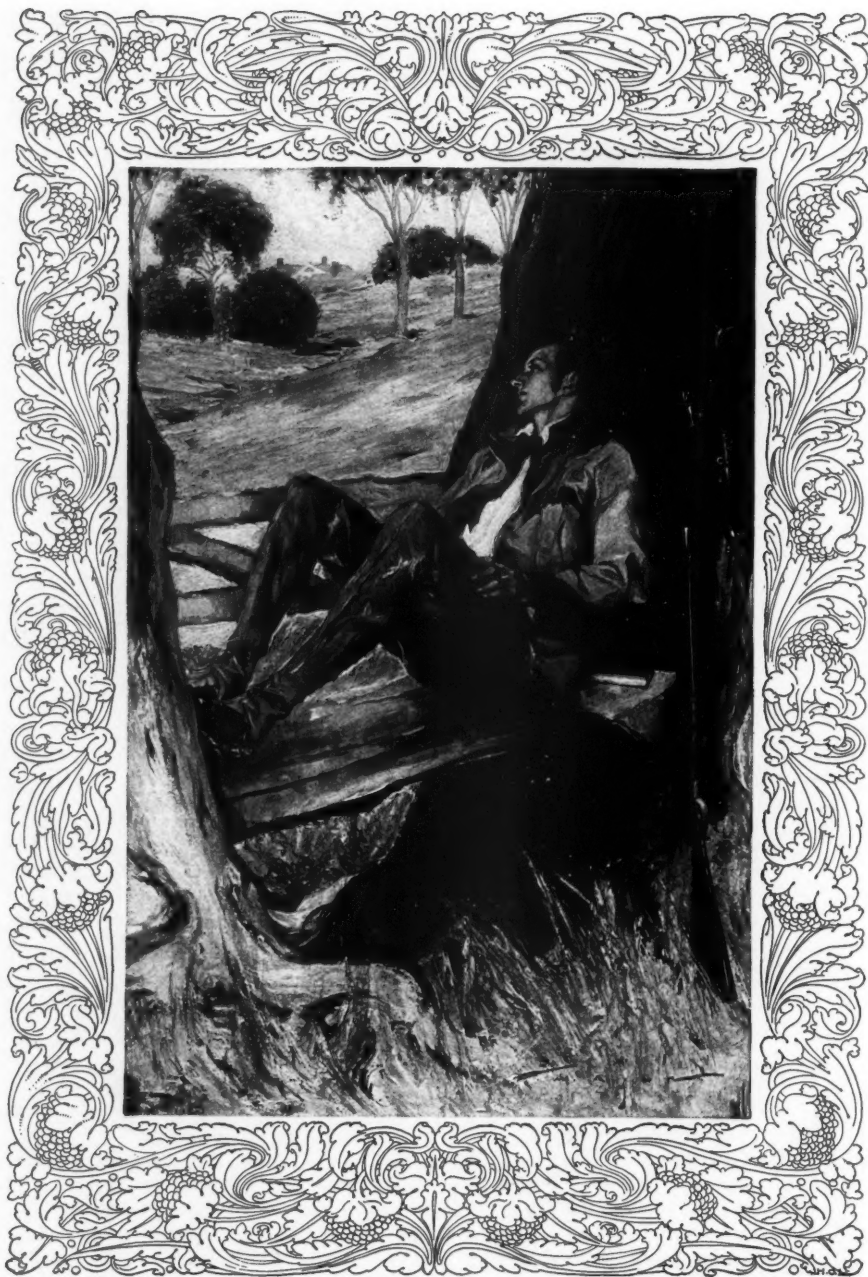
Giving to beauty an irresistible charm, are the teeth which have been preserved and beautified with **RUBIFOAM** the cleansing, pearl-making dentifrice.

IT'S WISE TO USE RUBIFOAM

25 Cents at druggists. Sample free
Address: E.W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.

IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION "THE READER"





Drawing by E. M. Ashe

Copyright, 1906, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

**"As free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began."**

THE READER

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

VOLUME IX

FEBRUARY, 1907

NUMBER 3

AN ERROR IN PROPORTION



IT'S quite simple," said the Duke. "She's out of proportion. Any one could see that!"

We were sitting—the Duke (that's Hastings, you know; he isn't really a duke), Tommy Winslow, Dickie Boswell and I—on the stringpiece of the yacht club pier at Larchness. We were a bit grumpy, all except the Duke. Below us, rubbing her fenders against the spiles, was the *Gol-i-kei*, a thirty-five-foot speed launch. She was a long, narrow contraption that looked like a cross between a torpedo boat and a Pittsburg stogie. She belonged to Dickie and Tommie in partnership. It was the first thing they ever owned together, and I guess it will be the last. They hadn't done a thing but quarrel ever since she was put into the water.

The trouble started when it came to

naming her. Dickie wanted to call her *Chickaree*, which, he explained, meant red squirrel. Tommie said it sounded like the kind of coffee you get in England, and was sure to prejudice racing committees against the boat. Tommie wanted to call her *Go It* or *Slap-Dash*. Dickie said those names sounded like some new kinds of games for the long winter evenings. So, finally, they left it to the Duke, and he said he'd once heard of a Choctaw Indian word meaning to travel fast. They asked him what it was and he said that, if he recollected aright, it was spelled: G, o, l, hyphen, i, hyphen, k, e, l. So Tommie wrote it down on a cigarette paper and he and Dickie studied it a bit.

"Looks great," said Tommie.

"Cocky," said Dickie. "Er—how do you pronounce it?"

So the Duke told them and they howled like anything. They were awfully tickled

and didn't draw a sober breath till they'd got it painted on the bow of the launch. It was terribly funny to hear folks, nice, respectable, dignified old duffers, sometimes, read the name.

"'Gol-eye-keel,'" they'd say, sort of thoughtfully. Then they'd say it again and get a different twist on the o, and look pained and grieved.

After they'd tried it out a few times Dickie said they couldn't have hit on a more appropriate name. Said that was just the way she did go. But they put a new carbureter in, changed the propeller and made some other alterations, and she went fine—generally. Anyhow, they entered her at Larchness and the Duke and I went down to see the fun. There were seventeen starters and the race was twenty-five miles in three legs. It was a handicap affair and after the *Gol-i-keel* had been measured they put her down with the *Canvasback* and the *Chase Me* at scratch. That made Dickie and Tommie awfully angry, but the Duke said they'd ought to be grateful to the committee for putting them where they'd have a good view of the race. That wasn't any joke, either. They stayed behind all the way and just managed to get where they could read the number on the *Catch Me's* flag about the time it was all over. (The *Catch Me* broke down twice.)

After luncheon we went back to the pier. Dickie was for getting an ax and chopping her up then and there, but Tommie said dynamite would be more satisfying. The Duke asked why they didn't head her straight out to sea, put her full speed forward and let her butt herself to death against the pier. Then they all got to jawing about her and telling what the trouble was. As near as I could make out the only thing that was just right was the bow flagpole socket; I didn't hear any one cuss that out once. Then the Duke said she was out of proportion, and Tommie, who had been ripping her wide open himself, got mad and said the Duke didn't

know a motor boat from a ham sandwich and it wasn't up to him to throw expert criticism about.

"Whatever that is," murmured the Duke.

"All she needs," continued Tommie indignantly, "is to have some one run her engines that isn't afraid of 'em."

Then Dickie got fighting mad.

"And some one to steer," he yelled, "that can keep her on a straight course two minutes at a time. If we hadn't gone flopping all over the sound, like she had apple-jack in her tank instead of gasoline, we might have made a showing!"

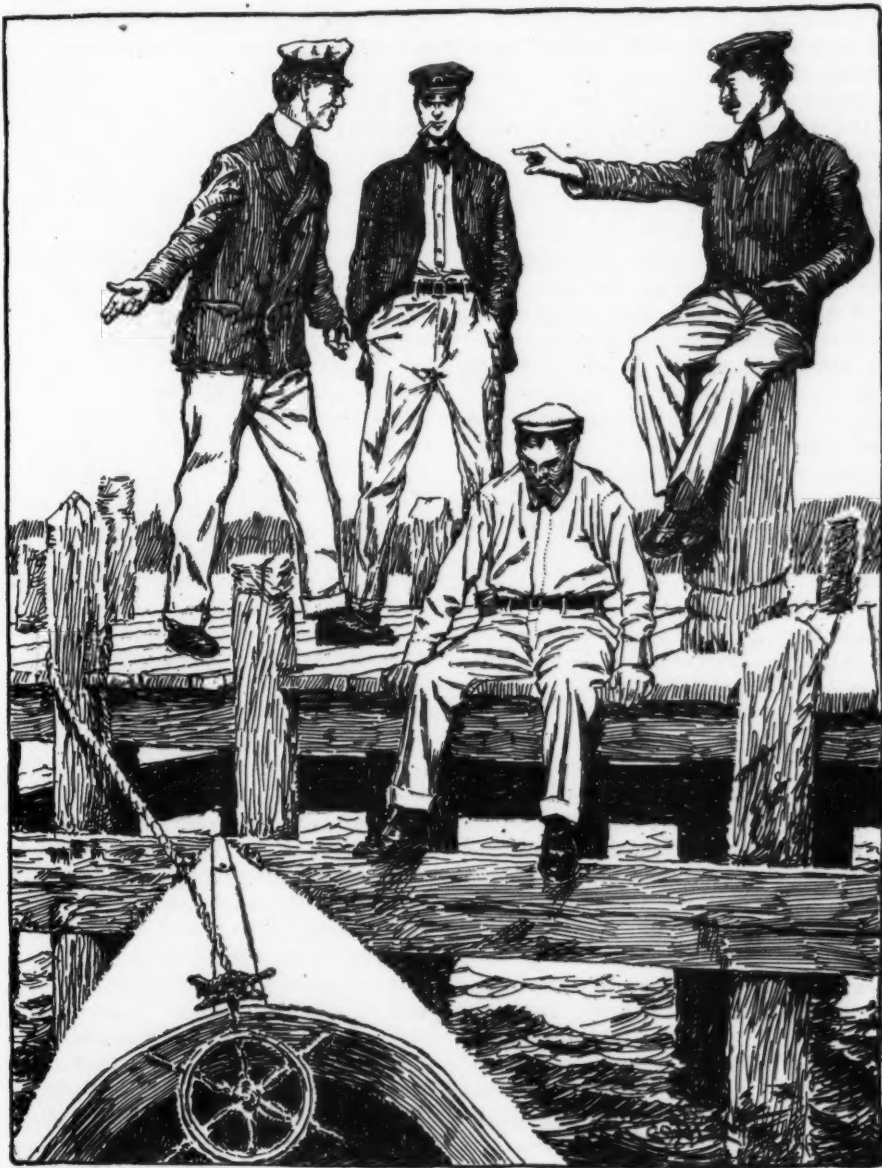
"You did, Dickie, you did," said the Duke soothingly. "You made a wonderful showing. Annie and I enjoyed it all hugely."

(My name is Annismead, but the others always call me Annie. I believe they think it's funny.)

But Tommie and Dickie were too busy rowing to hear the Duke. They called each other all sorts of names until the Duke told them that the House Committee would hear them and put them off the club property. After that they calmed down a bit and we all climbed down to the launch and Dickie explained for the twentieth time that she wasn't getting enough air pressure, and Tommie came back at him with a long yarn about the propeller pitch. The Duke looked knowing and said it was a great mistake to allow pitch to accumulate on the propeller. Then Tommie and Dickie turned on him and I got tired of so much noise and lighted a cigarette. After a bit I heard the Duke say:

"Is that so? Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you two ancient mariners. I'll take the first plain, garden variety of puff-puff I can beg, borrow or steal at the public landing and race you for ten miles. And I'll bet you just exactly fifty miserable dollars I'll beat you!"

"Oh, don't be an ass," growled Tommie.



Drawing by Clyde O. DeLand

Copyright, 1906, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

THEN THEY ALL GOT TO JAWING AND TELLING WHAT THE MATTER WAS

"And furthermore," continued the Duke, "I'll handicap myself by taking Annie along with me."

"No you won't!" said I.

The Duke looked at me reproachfully.

"Annie, I thought you'd trust yourself anywhere with me," he said.

"Not in a gasoline launch," said I.

"You don't know anything about them."

"Do you?"

"No," said I.

"Then it's not kind to reprove me for my ignorance. It is not like you, Annie. One of your greatest charms has always been your sense of fair play, Annie. I have honored you for it, envied your its possession, Annie. And now—now—" He shook his head sorrowfully—"now you have hurt me deeply."

"Oh, rot!" I muttered. "I'll go if you like."

"Thank you, Annie, for your display of enthusiasm," he said. "We will race this afternoon."

"We'll do nothing of the kind," said Tommie. "But if you really want to lose your money we'll race you to-morrow morning."

"Take you," said the Duke. "Let us turn our backs upon this wayward child and return to the club house. The duties of host are mine. We will imbibe cooling draughts and agree upon the details."

By half-past three it was all settled and at four o'clock every one around the club was talking and laughing about the race. It created so much excitement that Brewer, the Club Secretary, wrote down the terms of the wager and posted them on the notice board.

The course was to be about eleven miles long, starting at the mouth of the harbor, running southeasterly to the Light and returning to the starting line. It was agreed that the Duke was to select any launch to be found at the public landing in the morning, only he couldn't borrow any of the boats which had been brought down for the races nor any boat which had been entered from Larchness. The

Gol-i-keel was not to be overhauled before the race, but was to enter in the same condition she had raced for the Cup. The contestants deposited fifty dollars each with Brewer—that is, Tommie and Dickie put in fifty together and the Duke put in the same—and the whole hundred was to go to the winner. I wanted to go halves with the Duke, but he wouldn't let me.

"I don't want you to risk your money in my ventures, Annie," he said.

But before we went to bed that night the Duke had wagered over six hundred in side bets and had borrowed almost every cent I had with me. I made one bet of twenty-five myself. About twelve o'clock the excitement was running high in the smoking-room and out on the veranda and everybody was betting everybody else. They even got up a pool on the elapsed time for the race. Tommie had more Scotch than was good for him and made Dickie mad by hunting him up every few minutes and begging him to keep sober for the good of the boat. As Dickie drank nothing but Rhine wine and seltzer all the evening, that was rubbing it in.

The race was set for half-past ten, and the Duke came down to breakfast at a quarter of. I had been waiting for him for half an hour. Dickie and Tommie had been down on the *Gol-i-keel* since nine o'clock, and when the veranda was still you could hear them swearing at each other down there over the edge of the pier. The Duke and I had breakfast out doors and about twenty chaps sat around us and pressed cigarettes and drinks on us and wanted to be taken along. A lot of them that had fast launches offered to send them around to the public landing so the Duke could select them. But the Duke said no, he'd abide by the spirit of the law as well as the letter. And when we started off for the landing the whole mob went along.

Well, when we got down there every fellow set up a shout. There wasn't a launch there! That is, only a twenty-two

footer that they hired out to fishing parties and things like that. Of course, Dickie and Tommie had been around and got everything out of the way. We found out afterward that they had hired nine launches for the morning and sent them down to the next harbor. But the Duke never turned a hair. He walked down and looked over the *Emma C.* She had an eight horse-power Farmer engine in her and looked as though she had been carrying cattle for ten years.

"Ah," said the Duke, "she'll do nicely."

The Duke looked horrified.

"My good man," he said, "what are you talking about? Why, I was raised among launches. I've built them for twenty years. Have you never heard of the Hastings Launch, Power and Manufacturing Company of Skaneateles, New York?"

You could see the man was pretty well ashamed of himself.

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure," he said, kind of sheepish, "but you was asking so many questions—"



AFTER HE HAD TURNED HER OVER SEVERAL TIMES SHE STARTED OFF

Then he asked the man who owned her and ran the landing if she was for hire, and the man said she was. So the Duke and the man and I got into her and after he had turned her over several times she started off.

"Take her over to the club house landing," said the Duke.

The man did it, and on the way the Duke asked a lot of questions about this thing and that. After a bit the man got suspicious.

"Look here," he said, "ain't you never run a launch?"

"For the benefit of my new *mécanicien*," said the Duke, waving his hand toward me. "Every motor has its own—er—eccentricities, you know."

"That's so, sir," said the man. "And this ain't no exception." And with that we came along to the starting line and the man shut her off. "If you'd like to have me stay aboard, sir, and run her for you, I can. I ain't got anything much to do because my boats are all taken for the morning."

"Thank you so much," said the Duke, "but I am entered in a race, and—"

"You ain't goin' to race the *Emma C*?" asked the man, with his eyes popping out of his head.

"That's just what I'm going to do," answered the Duke. "And, unless I am greatly mistaken, here comes my miserable rival."

"But she ain't never been known to do better 'n twelve miles!" yelled the man.

"You watch her, please," said the Duke. "I earnestly beg you to watch her. She's going to make twelve miles look like a dressmaker's tape! And now, if I might suggest it, suppose you let this picturesque youth in the white flannel pajamas put you ashore."

We got rid of the owner of the *Emma C*. and about that time the *Gol-i-keel* came puffing up, making a lot of fuss but not burning the water so you'd notice it. The start was pretty well cluttered up with boats by that time, and after we'd monkeyed around some Brewer sent us off.

The Duke jabbed a lever forward and the *Emma C*. shot ahead. It seemed to me we were going pretty fast; but when I looked at the *Gol-i-keel* I saw that we weren't. Tommie was at the wheel and as they drew away from us he waved his hand gaily. The Duke flung away his cigarette and looked things over.

"Keep her straight for that lighthouse, Annie," said he, "and don't turn out for the biggest steamer on Long Island Sound. I'm going to give her her head, if I can only find out how to do it."

Well, he got a monkey wrench out of a drawer and began tinkering with it. I expected we'd blow up every minute, but we didn't. In fact, the tinkering seemed to do the old girl good. She went a whole lot faster, and we began to edge up on the *Gol-i-keel*. There were about forty-eleven launches kiting along behind, and every one was yelling and cheering like crazy. Pretty soon, just as we got out where we could feel the tide running, the *Gol-i-keel's* exhaust was spitting pretty nearly in my face.

"I've got to turn out or run her down!" I shouted back to the Duke. He got up off his knees and rubbed a good big mess of grease and oil on his trousers.

"I hate to do it, Annie," he said, "but if we must, all right. I fancy the *Emma* is doing a bit better than her twelve miles an hour, eh?"

"Seems so," I shouted. "What did you do to her?"

"Damned if I know!" said the Duke.

"What's the matter with the *Gol-i-keel*?" I asked. "She's supposed to do twenty-two miles."

The Duke shook his head sadly.

"She's out of proportion," he yelled back. Then our bow was up even with the *Gol-i-keel's* stern and I waved across at Dickie who had turned around to stare at us. He didn't look a bit pleased, and I guess he said something to Tommie, for Tommie took his eyes off the course ahead for a moment and turned around to stare at us in a dazed sort of way that made the Duke grin. And all the time we were overhauling them foot by foot. But Dickie got busy and did something, and then we seemed to kind of stand still for a minute and presently the *Gol-i-keel* began to move away from us, not very fast but so you'd notice it. Dickie came to the rail and aimed a megaphone at us.

"Keep off or you'll run into us, you blamed idiot!" he yelled.

"Then get out of our way!" shouted the Duke. But I guess they didn't hear, for Dickie kept on pointing and waving his hands until I swung her head off a bit. That made the Duke yell.

"Put her back!" he shouted. "You lost four feet then!"

So I put her back and pretty soon the *Gol-i-keel* had opened up about thirty yards between her stern and our bow. The Duke began to whistle. That's a certain sign that he's worried. Then he grabbed the monkey wrench again and hammered around with it. I could hear it going *tap, tap* in an inquiring sort of way, but

I didn't notice any increase of speed. Presently he came up and leaned over beside me.

"She's going nice and smooth, isn't she?" he asked, looking at the *Gol-i-keel's* stern and the white wake she was leaving behind her.

"Yes," I answered; "but what I don't see is how we can keep up to her as well as we have when she's got three times our horse power and is built to do twenty-two miles."

"Ah," said the Duke gravely, "a whole lot depends on the management, Annie. There's nothing like understanding your engine. I will now return to the stoke-hole and put the spark coil in stays."

So he went back and presently, when I turned around for a moment, he had a big copper oil-can in one hand and was just dousing everything in sight. He caught me looking and waved the hand that held the monkey-wrench.

"Lubrication, Annie, lubrication!" he shouted. "The secret of success, my boy!"

It was a fine sunny day with a crisp wind quartering over the course, but out in the middle of the Sound the waves were pretty choppy and the *Emma C.* began to ship spray. And every time a bucketful hit the engine the plaguy thing almost stopped. But the Duke finally got around that by taking a piece of oil-cloth from the floor and throwing it across the top of the cylinders. He had to hold one end of it to keep it from blowing away. Every now and then I'd get a wave straight in the face and the Duke would laugh.

When we got near the Light, which was the turning point, we were a good eighth of a mile behind the *Gol-i-keel*. So far our engine hadn't missed a spark and we'd kept up a mighty nice little pace all the way, but it looked as though the Duke was due to lose a bit of money. He came forward again.

"A launch proportioned the way she is," he said, looking at the *Gol-i-keel*, "ought to lose some on the turn. If she doesn't we're dished, Annie."

"I guess that's right," I said, wiping the water out of my eyes. "What'll I do about that schooner there?"

"Give her two toots on the whistle and keep your course."

"We haven't any whistle, have we?"

"Haven't we? That is indeed an oversight. We will keep straight ahead just the same. I think we can manage to get by without losing much paint."

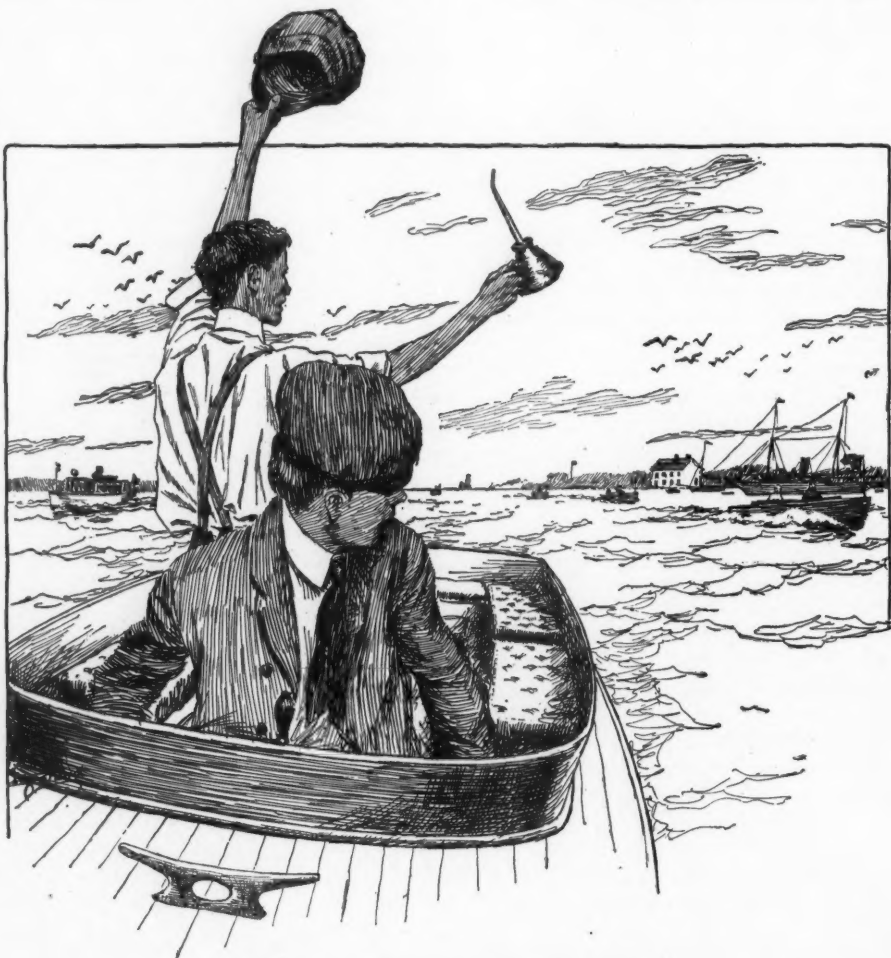
"She hasn't much to lose," said I, trying to forget that my heart was in my mouth. Well, we did it, but I wouldn't try it again. The bowsprit of the *Julia Faulkner* shot out over our stern and half a dozen sailors got in a bunch at the bow and called us names. The Duke waved carelessly without turning his head. He was watching the *Gol-i-keel*. She was by the Light and was starting to turn. Usually she is pretty handy at that and comes around pretty near in her own length, but to-day it seemed as though Tommie was asleep. She didn't begin to turn until she was away by the Light, and then, instead of coming right around, she began a wide circle that took her over toward the Long Island shore. The Duke was chuckling.

"Come around sharp, Annie!" he said. "Hard alee or something, my boy. That's the caper! Good old *Emma*!"

We were on the back track before the *Gol-i-keel* had much more than got herself broadside to. I could see Dickie stretched out on the stern trying to get a look at the rudder. I guess all he succeeded in doing was getting wet. Then we were sliding back past the Light with Larchness dead ahead and the *Gol-i-keel* hundreds of yards astern. It made us feel good, that did. The Duke was calling that Farmer engine all sorts of pet names and dabbing it with the oil-can wherever there was a place to dab. He squatted on the floor in front of the fly-wheel, lit a cigarette and just threw oil around. When I looked back the next time the *Gol-i-keel* was pointed toward home, but we had more than an eighth of a mile on her. If only we could keep it!

It seemed smoother going now, and, I guess, maybe we had the tide with us. Half way back we ran up to the first of the launches which had been waiting for us and got a cheer. The Duke waved the

Back of us the *Gol-i-kei* was coming for all she was worth and was gaining on us all the time. But the old *Emma* wasn't missing an explosion and, whoever won, that race wasn't going to be any walk-



WELL, IT WAS HEART-BREAKING, THAT FINISH

monkey-wrench and the oil-can. He was singing now at the top of his lungs, still squatted in front of the engine, and he looked for all the world like one of those Indian Johnnies worshipping one of their seven-legged idols.

over. By this time we were pretty well in toward shore and the mouth of the harbor, with, perhaps, a mile and a half to travel. I got my watch out and looked at it. We had been going just forty-two minutes. We had half a dozen launches racing back

with us now and the *Gol-i-keel* was about a hundred and fifty yards astern. Then we were in sight of the finish and Tommie and Dickie were dangerously near, Tommie's face scowling up over the edge of the spray hood. The Duke looked back and then got busy with his oil can. Oil just flew around; I got some of it where I was; as for the Duke he looked like a Plymouth Rock rooster, kind of speckled and barred with dark splotches. In the other launches they were shouting and laughing and yelling us on, but taking mighty good care to keep out of our course. I guess they knew the Duke wouldn't have stopped for the biggest liner that ever crossed the ocean. And as far as I was concerned I wouldn't have moved that wheel a half turn for anything afloat.

Well, it was heart-breaking, that finish. There was the *Gol-i-keel* just eating up the water and gaining slowly and steadily all the time, and there was the finish a quarter of a mile ahead, and all around were the other launches with their whistles blowing like the very mischief. And then Tommie was pretty nearly abreast of me and I knew it was all up. But the Duke just waved his monkey-wrench and slathered more oil. And then, at what the Duke afterward called the psychological moment, a big white steam-yacht poked her nose around the corner of the harbor on the way out from her moorings and headed straight for the course! The Duke saw her about as soon as I did.

"Hit her as far forward as you can, Annie," said he, without turning a hair.

Well, I turned the wheel maybe an inch and shut my eyes. There was one chance in a hundred of our getting by their bow if they saw us in time to reverse. I guess they must have, for when I opened my eyes again the *Emma* was sliding along easy, the Duke was rubbing the oil from his face with a wad of dirty waste, a red-faced man in a blue uniform was shaking his fist at us from the side of the steam-

yacht and the *Gol-i-keel* was bobbing about over on the other side of the cove.

"Did we hit her?" I asked.

The Duke shook his head sadly. "Missed her by three feet," he said.

"Who won?"

"The *Emma C.*, my boy. Tommie weakened and turned out. I think we crossed about eight feet to the good. Where were your eyes?"

"Shut," said I. The Duke grinned.

"You're a plucky little cuss, Annie. And now if you'll kindly head her for the landing we'll crawl up to the club-house and get a couple of oil-eradicators."

"If our steering gear hadn't gone wrong you'd never have done it," said Dickie from half way down a tall glass.

"The fortunes of war, dear boy," answered the Duke, as he tapped the bell for the fourth time. "Not, however, that you ever really had a chance to win. With a boat as badly out of proportion as yours is—"

"Look here!" exploded Tommie. "What the devil do you mean by out of proportion? You make me sick, always gabbing about proportions! What do you know about it, anyway, you several-sorts-of-a-hopeless-idiot?"

The Duke smiled gently and waved his hand to the waiter.

"Dear Thomas," he said, "when I speak of such a self-evident fact as that—"

"Go to blazes!" growled Tommie.

The Duke tried to look hurt, but as he still had a smear of oil under his right eye the effect was awfully silly.

"Thomas," he said severely, "when I told you yesterday that the reason you were so badly beaten was because the *Gol-i-keel* was out of proportion I meant what I said. Had you hearkened to my words of wisdom—"

Tommie started to say something and choked. Dickie looked up from the cigarette he was rolling and grinned wanly.

"Let him rave," he murmured.

"I repeat it," said the Duke. "Out of proportion, dear boy."

"How? Where? What's out of proportion?" growled Tommie.

"At last you deign to heed my words. (Thank you, George. The Scotch here, please. And don't go away, as you love me, George. I may need you any moment.) A boat may be out of proportion, Tommie, in any one of a number of ways. I don't know much about boats, especially gasoline-drinking boats, having never had my hand on the bridle of one until this morning, but I have enough common, home-cooking sense to know that, for instance, Tommie, the proportion of mooring rope to propeller may be all wrong."

The Duke buried his face behind the rim of his glass.

"Oh, don't be a bally fool!" pleaded Tommie. But Dickie was scowling thoughtfully.

"Look here, Duke, what do you mean?" he asked sharply.

"Only what I say, dear child," responded the Duke, taking a look around to make sure of George's proximity. "I noticed yesterday after the race that the amount of one-inch mooring rope wound

around your propeller blades was quite out of proportion to the size of said blades. I also noticed—"

"You're lying!" gasped Tommie.

The Duke waved the insult aside graciously.

"I also noticed that while the rope was not interfering with the shaft, it was, nevertheless, bunched up in such a way that the blades could scarcely do themselves justice, offering, as they must, but scant resistance to the water. I likewise observed—"

"I bet you it's true!" yelled Dickie, knocking his chair over as he tried to get up.

"I likewise observed," continued the Duke, "that the rope was going to jam more or less against the back of your rudder, interfering with the free play of said rudder. Hence, dear friends, my idle remarks regarding proportions. 'Proportion in all things' is my motto, and—"

But Tommie and Dickie were hitting the high places on their way down the pier. The Duke smiled across at me and beckoned to the waiter.

"Strange," he mused, "how the taste of cylinder oil lingers. May I trouble you again, George?"



KING MOTOR CAR

By Sigmund Krausz

AUTHOR OF "A B C OF MOTORING," "PRACTICAL AUTOMOBILE DICTIONARY," ETC.

TO speak of progress in the automobile industry, its development as a factor in national-economical conditions and its future possibilities within the limits of a short magazine article, reminds one of the story of Thomas Edison, who, on being introduced at a dinner function to the young lady seated next to him, was naïvely asked by the fair creature to tell her, between courses, all about electricity in general and his own achievements in particular.

An attempt to tell all about the automobile under somewhat similar conditions would mean facing the impossible as much as Mr. Edison did on that occasion, for never was an invention evolved as rapidly to comparative perfection as the motor car during the last few years. This means since the principle of internal combustion and its application to horseless vehicles solved the question of the most practical motive power for self-propelled road carriages, and permitted the development of a new industry, the possibilities of which, even to-day, may only be guessed at.

The nearest parallel to it that may be drawn is the phenomenal ascendancy experienced a short decade ago by the bicycle, a prototype of which, the crudely constructed *draisine*, invented by the German Baron Drais, had made its appearance on the highways of the *Vaterland* a century or so ago. Little did the contemporary world then dream of its future development at the end of the nineteenth century, which came about through the evolution of the high-wheeled velocipede to the safety type and the invention of pneumatic tires.

Like the bicycle the automobile had its crude forerunners in the steam trolley and similar contrivances of Haustach,

Cugnot and Trevithik, which preceded the modern principles of motive power and the two-miles-a-minute steam and internal combustion racing monsters by some hundred and fifty years. But while the bicycle has reached its full development, and has passed its era of popularity which, less than ten years ago, made it the favorite sport and recreation of rich and poor alike, the automobile is still in the ascendancy and has doubtless come to stay. It seems to have nothing of the ephemeral character of the former, and the most conservative mind must concede that it is destined to play an important and lasting part in the transportation question of the future. The bicycle is dead, and to the motor car belongs the twentieth century. "*Le roi est mort—vive le roi!*" As far as rapid decline after unprecedented popularity is concerned, there is no doubt in my mind that the Cassandras of the motor car are doomed never to see their skeptical prognostications fulfilled.

In the time that has elapsed since the construction in 1769 by Nicholas Joseph Cugnot of a "steam trolley," and the perfection of the latest type *de luxe* of the modern American motor car, there have been many trials and disappointments; but practically no progress was made until Gottlieb Daimler's invention, just twenty years ago, paved the way for the rapid evolution of the automobile. It is Daimler's motor, later perfected and exploited by the noted French firm of Panhard & Levassor, which is the prototype of the most popular and at present most practical form of the automobile.

Steam, the first motive power thought of in connection with the horseless and trackless vehicle idea, still holds and will

continue to hold a place in the motor car industry. Electricity, too, is filling a certain place; but it is internal gasoline combustion that rules the field to-day, and by far the greater number of manufacturers confine their product to this type. It seems even reasonably certain that, should gasoline as fuel be replaced by commercial alcohol—a probability which is pointed out by many motorists—the popularity of the internal combustion motor would be still more enhanced on account of the many advantages offered by this fluid. Considerable efforts have been made to remove the main obstacle along this line, the heavy government tax, and lately legislative measures have been secured putting American denaturized alcohol on the free list, in consequence of which we may soon expect to see cleaner and absolutely odorless machines of this type on the market. As a matter of fact, several denaturized alcohol distilleries are being erected in various parts of the country with a view to supplying the probable great demand for this commodity in the near future.

While among the three motive powers employed in the automobile industry internal combustion has undoubtedly made the most rapid and radical progress, and the gasoline car is pre-eminent, the advance of steam and electric vehicles has by no means been inconsiderable, and both deserve distinct recognition when speaking of the general development of the motor car. Electric carriages would, in fact, be the ideal automobiles were it not for the cumbersome weight necessitated by the employment of present-day batteries, the time consumed in recharging them, and their limitations as to distance and places where motive power can be supplied. These conditions are responsible for the fact that electric vehicles are so far only practicable for urban use, when, otherwise, their great advantages of soft, noiseless running, entire absence of bad odors, shocks in starting and stopping, and absolute cleanliness would make

them the favorite class of horseless carriages.

The world is still waiting for the fulfilment of Mr. Edison's promise to give it a light, cheap and practicable battery, and much may be expected of the alkaline nickel-iron accumulators of Jungner and Edison, but so far no practical results have been achieved along this line of improvement. Mr. Edison has lately announced that he has solved the problem of a light and cheap battery by the employment of cobalt, and has stated at the same time that the mineral can be found in sufficient quantities in several of the states and in Canada; but, as yet, his statements have not been fortified by actual practical demonstration. The great wizard of Menlo Park may surprise us, however, at any moment with one of his wonderful inventions, and if he ever realizes the sanguine expectations of the adherents of electric motive power in regard to a battery that will at once be cheap, light, quickly charged and give a greater radius of action, then the internal combustion car may well look to its laurels. But this is dealing in futures. As it is, electric motive power in the automobile industry is now almost exclusively confined to light runabouts and trucks for city use.

Much can be said in favor of steam cars and their improvement, these models also doing away with some of the principal nuisances of the gasoline car, such as noise and odor; but their disadvantages still seem to outweigh their good points, and the manufacture of steam automobiles forms a comparatively small percentage in the general output of motor cars. The chief reasons which account for these conditions are the elements of danger in steam models, especially in case of collisions, which do not exist in the internal combustion types, and the necessity of heating the motor before it is possible to start. The types of steam cars are, however, so varied that any statement of their disadvantages must be qualified.

In some countries the steam car is not making headway at all, and there are, in fact, only one noted French and a couple of American makes which have gained popularity. The latter have given a specially good account of themselves in developing marvelous speed, and it is a Yankee steamer which holds the world's speed record for a mile—twenty-eight and one-fifth seconds—made last year at the Ormonde Beach races against the best French cars.

But, as pointed out before, it is the gasoline automobile *par excellence* which has made possible the development of the industry to an undreamed-of extent within the last few years, and if the epithet, "King Motor Car," were to be bestowed officially, it is the cars of this type which would have first claim to recognition.

France, Germany, England and the United States are responsible for the progress in modern automobile construction; but while the first-named two countries had the advantage of a much earlier start, the evolution has been more marvelous in America, in the cities of which, only five years ago, a motor car was a rare sight. In spite of that advantage the individual foreign countries, as far as output is concerned, have been outstripped by their American competitor, and the capital invested to-day in the motor car industry of the United States is far in excess of that of any other nation. The change of position came in 1905, and in 1906 the reliably estimated number of cars manufactured in the numerous large and small plants scattered between the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean exceeds by far the statistical figures of the leading automobile manufacturing countries of Europe. Imports, too, although still considerable, have during the last season for the first time been nearly balanced by the exports.

The value of automobile exports in June, 1906, was \$539,268, and the total value for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, amounts to \$3,497,016, a consider-

able increase over the corresponding period in 1905, when automobile exports figured up to \$2,481,243, while in 1904 they amounted only to \$1,895,605. Against these figures stand automobile imports of \$3,844,505 in the fiscal year of 1906.

Figures speak louder than words, and the following table, while approximative, will give a fair idea of the present status of the motor car industry in the United States:

Capital invested.....	\$150,000,000
Estimated output of cars in	
1906	40,000
Value of 1906 output....	\$45,000,000
Number of manufacturing	
plants	180
Automobile accessories man-	
ufacturers	250
Labor employed in car fac-	
tories	35,000
Labor employed in accesso-	
ries factories.....	10,000
Automobiles in use in U. S.	
at beginning of 1906...	100,000

It is interesting to compare some of these figures with French statistics, especially those of labor and output. I have only the French figures of 1904 at my disposal, but they serve the purpose of comparison as well as later ones, since the proportion remains about the same, though the totals, of course, have made a corresponding increase. In the year 1904 France produced twenty-two thousand cars of a value of about thirty-five million dollars with a laboring force of approximately eighty thousand men. The figures indicate clearly that the average price of a motor car in France is about forty per cent. higher than in the United States, and that it takes there three and sixty-three-hundredths men to build an automobile, against one and fourteen-hundredths in America. They also indicate that more perfect and larger numbers of automatic and other labor-saving ma-

chines are used by the manufacturers of the United States than by those of France.

It is probable that the greater employment of hand labor has something to do with the present higher perfection of the French pleasure machines, but it is nevertheless true that while American makers have outdistanced the foreigners in quantity of cars produced, they have not lost sight of the improvement of their product. American high-grade quality falls to-day short only of the highest-priced cars of French or German make, and in medium-priced light touring machines and runabouts the Yankee manufacturer can challenge the world.

During the last year or two automobile improvements here have followed each other in such rapid succession that it may almost be said that what was new yesterday is obsolete on the morrow. The late improvements do not affect the type of car, however, which seems to be settled. They are not of vital importance, but tend to increase, to a considerable degree, the pleasures and comforts of horseless driving, and it is this evolution which has resulted in the remarkable increase of the number of automobiles on the streets of American cities and the highways in general. The motor car has its enemies and calumniators, but this growth can not fail to be noticed by the most casual observer, and proves more clearly than anything else that the motor car has conquered its place in society and in the national-economical life of the country.

To go somewhat into detail about these improvements may be of interest to the layman and the novice in motoring, to whom the change from the crude American runabout of barely ten years ago to the lavishly equipped Limousine of 1906 must seem almost incomprehensible. From the one-cylinder horizontal engine, placed inaccessibly under the car, and the open two-seated runabout, the development has gradually proceeded to the two, three and four-cylinder idea with vertical

disposition and to the great touring car with closed carriage body containing such comforts as lavatory, refrigerator, writing desk, etc., until there is now practically no limit to the luxurious appointments of a modern automobile. Withal much attention has been given to the perfection of safety devices.

With these achievements the further tendency of motor improvements has been toward more flexibility of chassis, less vibration, more speed and general mechanical perfection. While four cylinders, last season, were considered the acme of motor quality, this year has seen the advent of the six-cylinder car, for which even better riding qualities are claimed. There is certainly much to be said in favor of the six-cylinder motor, which, among other things, lessens considerably the chances of a breakdown, as the non-working of one or more cylinders, while reducing the speed, can not materially affect the running of such a machine.

In view of the latest improvements it would seem that the cost of motor cars should have experienced a corresponding advance; but this is not so. Prices, as compared with last year, have, with few exceptions, remained stationary for the same class of vehicles, in spite of the increased cost of manufacture and the more complete equipment of machines. There is even one large American firm that has put on the market a vertical four-cylinder runabout, up to date in every respect, at the low price of five hundred dollars, and this seems to indicate that there is a possibility, after all, of the automobile eventually coming "within the reach of all." It even looks as if, with the constant simplifying of the mechanism, the day were not far when the man of modest means will be able to maintain a serviceable runabout for less than a horse-drawn vehicle would cost him. This seems all the more probable if it is true, as has been announced, that Mr. George B. Selden—who claims the basic patent about which there has been

considerable litigation between the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers and makers outside this organization—has invented a motor to be driven by ordinary kerosene, for the manufacture of which a plant is soon to be erected near Buffalo, N. Y.

While the pleasure vehicle holds the stage at this era of the automobile industry, the great future of the latter lies really in the commercial car. With the solution of the good-roads question the motor truck and delivery wagon will reign supreme, not only in the large cities, where they will do away with the nuisances of dirt and congestion, but also in the country, where the farmer, now the inveterate enemy of the automobile, is bound to become its convert.

As it is, the commercial car is even now employed by many progressive merchants, and nothing but road conditions prevents the general use of the motor truck. The latter has indisputably been recognized as a time and money saver in all cases where it has been substituted for a number of teams, as one of these vehicles will easily do the work of sixteen horses.

The importance of this feature has for several years been recognized by the English and German manufacturers, who have taken up this branch of the business with the utmost energy, while the French, like the Americans, have only lately awakened to it. Germany has during last season held competitive truck races and made numerous other experiments with a view of still further developing this special line of the motor industry, and an English firm, the Thornycrofts, has at the same time invaded the United States by establishing a branch factory in Boston for the building of heavy lorries.

London and other foreign cities are using the motor car in a commercial way very extensively for omnibus and cab service; most of the European armies have either already established automobile corps for practical service, or are experi-

menting with a view to doing so, and the automobile has been adapted for use on railroad tracks as a traveling fortress, for ordinary railway service, as stage coach over difficult roads, as sight-seeing juggernauts and in other ways too numerous to mention.

Although lagging somewhat behind their foreign competitors in the various applications of the motor principle, there is a great deal of activity at present among American manufacturers in this line, and, aside from the special factories, many plants which hitherto have been exclusively devoted to the building of pleasure automobiles are now turning out great numbers of commercial vehicles of all descriptions.

Parallel with the automobile industry runs the development of the motor cycle. This is the cheapest form of self-propelling vehicle, but the attachment of a small and light carriage makes it possible for the rider to use it either as conveyance for another passenger or as a miniature delivery wagon. The use of motor cycles is considerably larger abroad than here, France having had, in 1903, more than twenty thousand of them, but their number is increasing rapidly, and what is true about the American development of the motor car will soon be true about that of the motor cycle. Its small and serviceable engine is destined to take a place in country and farm, where it can be used, for example, for the production of light, the pumping of water, etc., when not employed as a means of transportation.

Another allied industry is that of building motor boats. The great annual races held abroad have given much stimulus to this business, and not only many foreign plants, but some American manufacturers are now turning out marine motors and finished boats from their automobile shops.

A number of other lines can be mentioned which have been greatly benefited

by the development of the motor car. Among these are the steel, oil, carriage, lantern, clothing and rubber industry. The latter especially has been developed to such an extent that the item of automobile tires is one of the most important ones affecting the supply of crude rubber, which is getting scarcer and constantly increasing in price. Another source of anxiety at present, which is also an indication of the importance of the motor car in the industrial world, is the scarcity of aluminum, which enters to a considerable extent in the manufacture of automobiles. There are but few large sources of production of aluminum in the world, and the supply of the metal can not

be increased at will. Manufacturers, therefore, are looking with dismay at this state of affairs, as they depend principally on aluminum for the casting of their gear and crank cases, not to speak of the sheet aluminum which is used in body building.

Truly, the motor car industry has become one of the most important in the world. The horseless carriage is seen from New Zealand to the Arctic Circle, from the remotest East to the shores of the Pacific, while a Chicago capitalist has planned to erect an apartment building containing individual garages for every flat. Can there be a denial of the statement that we live under the scepter of King Motor Car?

THE PARADE

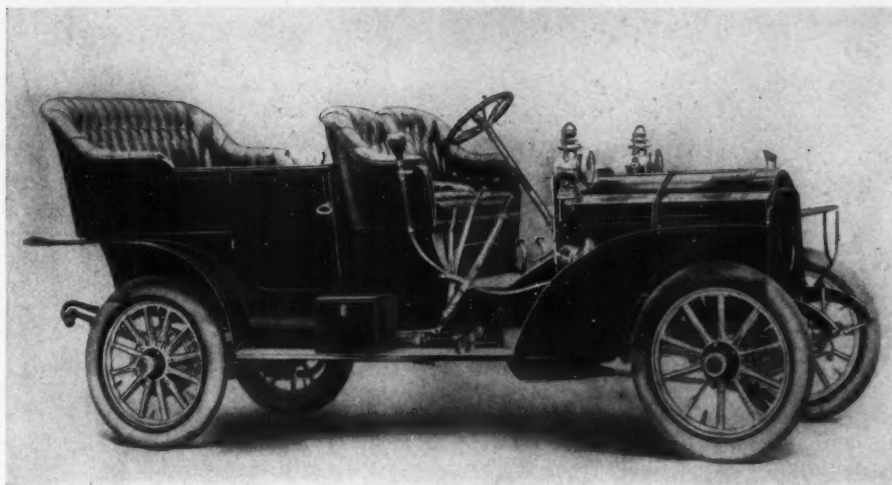
(FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND)

By S. H. Kemper

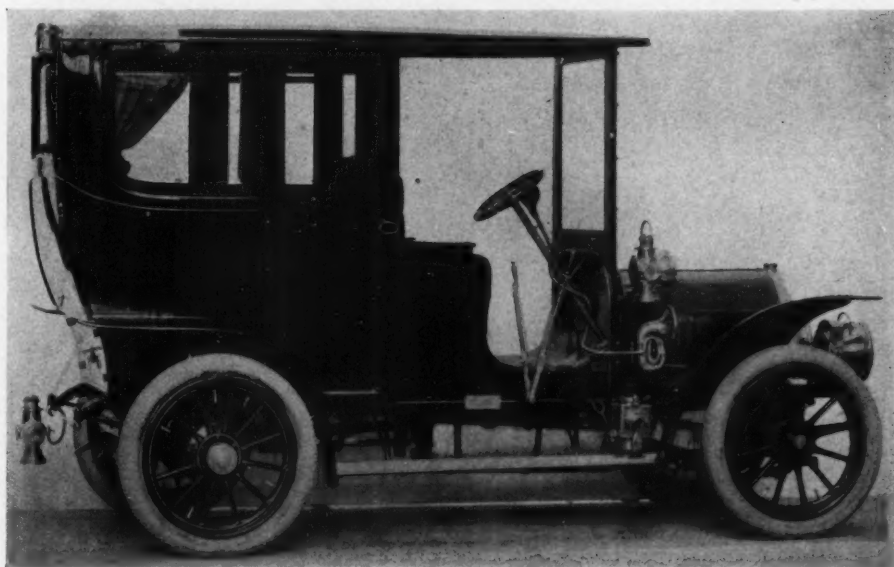
SOLDIERS, soldiers and soldiers.
 Crowds on the sidewalk and flags overhead;
 A flaming and flaunting of yellow and red,
 The cloaks folded back, and strong blue,
 Sober, true.
 Lower down
 A blurring of brown;
 Brown gaiters, brown horses, brown guns,
 Brown caissons.
 The strong battle music of brave, unforgotten old years—
 "Marching Through Georgia" and "Dixie,"
 And, dim through quick tears,
 Old men on the sidewalk descry
 The troops passing by.
 A pause in near music, and over the sound of the drums
 Palpitant in the thin winter sunshine there comes
 From other bands, still far away,
 The gay, gallant march that was made yesterday.
 Soldiers, soldiers and soldiers!

MOTOR CARS OF 1907

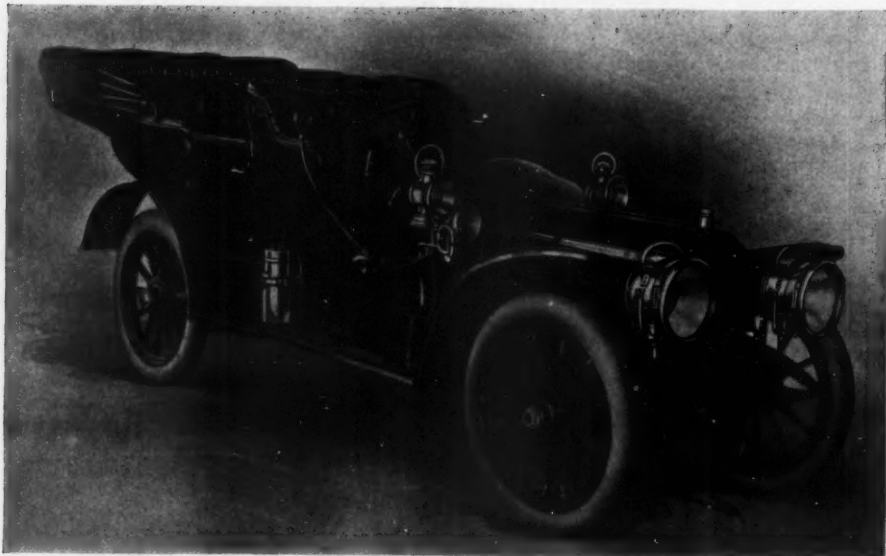
A SERIES SHOWING THE NEW MODELS OF NINETEEN
WELL-KNOWN CARS MANUFACTURED
IN THE UNITED STATES



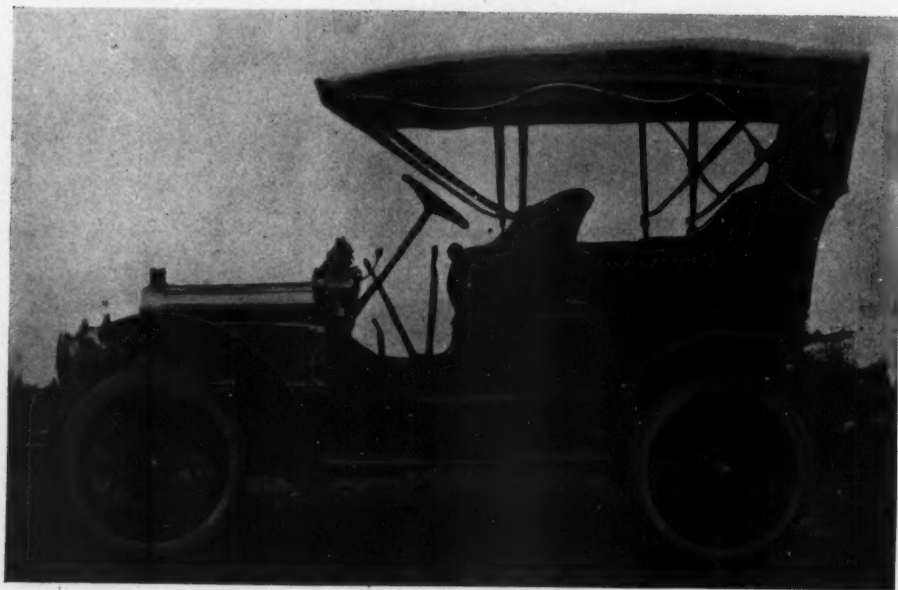
THE "PACKARD 30"



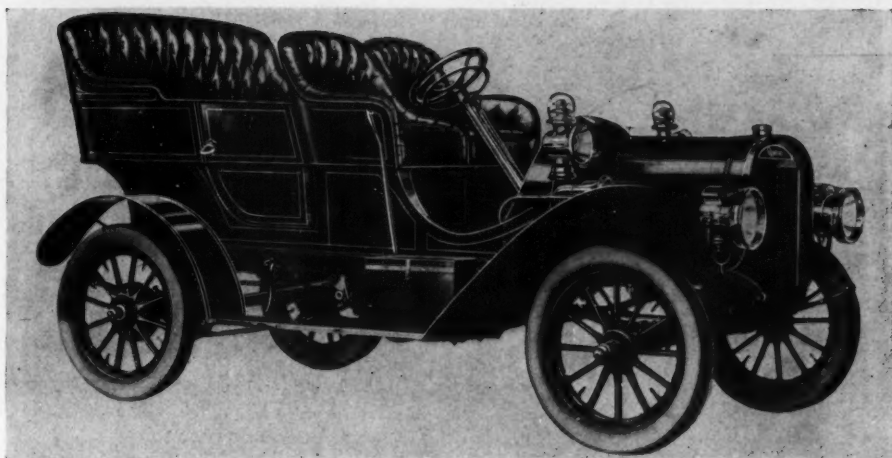
THE STUDEBAKER, MODEL H



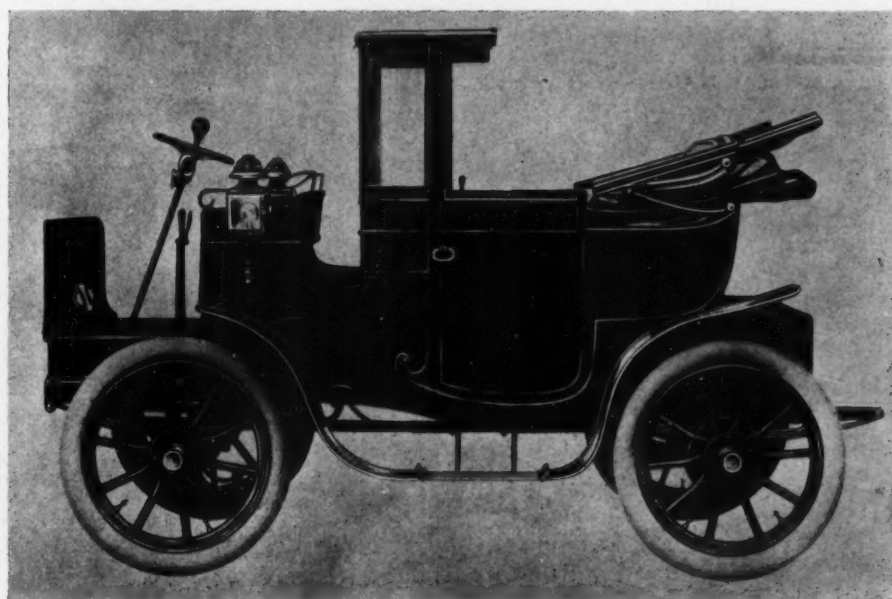
THE THOMAS FLYER, 1907



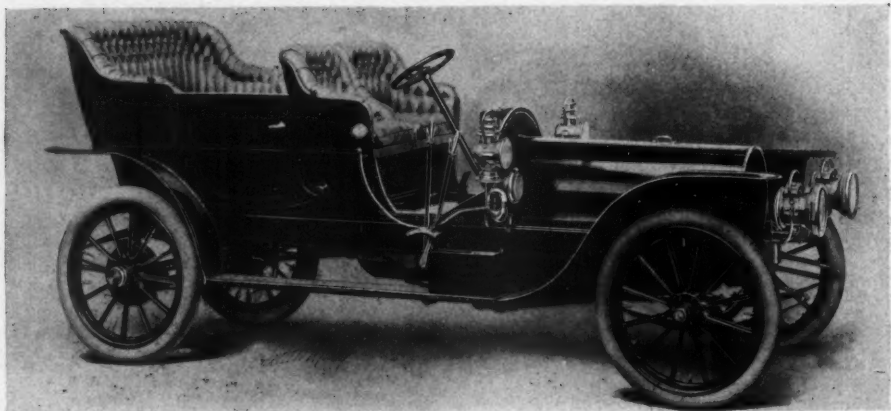
THE HAYNES, MODEL S, 30 H. P.



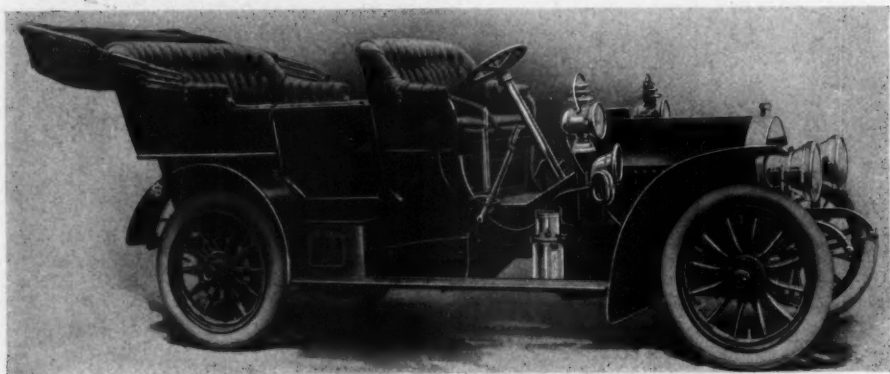
THE RAMBLER, MODEL 21, WITH DETACHABLE TONNEAU



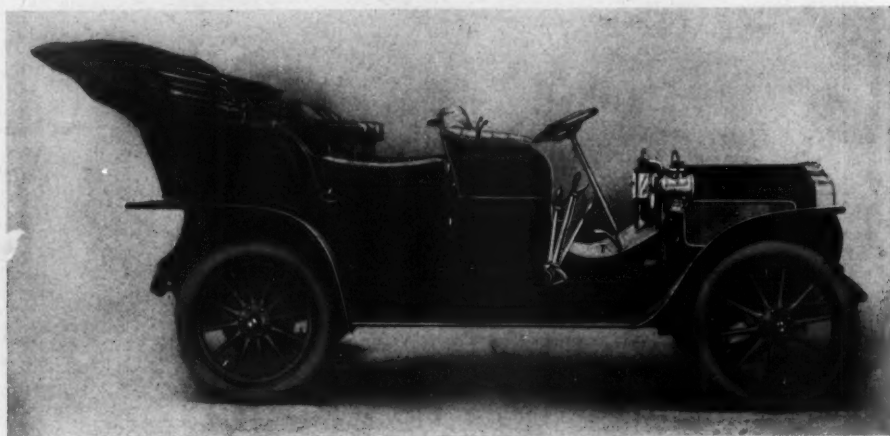
THE BAKER ELECTRIC LANDAULET



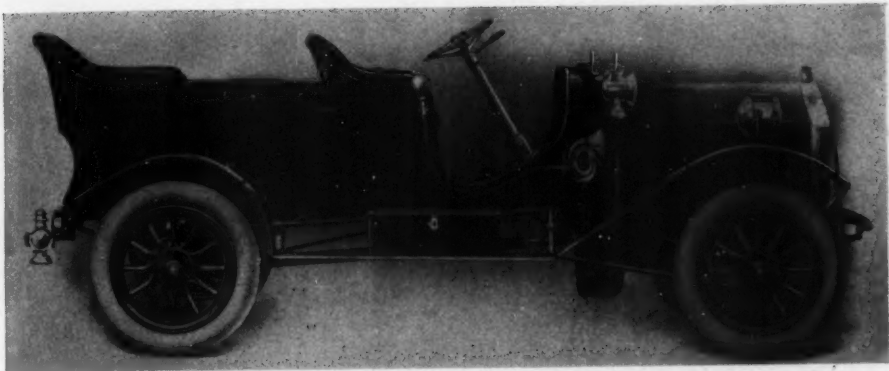
THE FRANKLIN, MODEL H



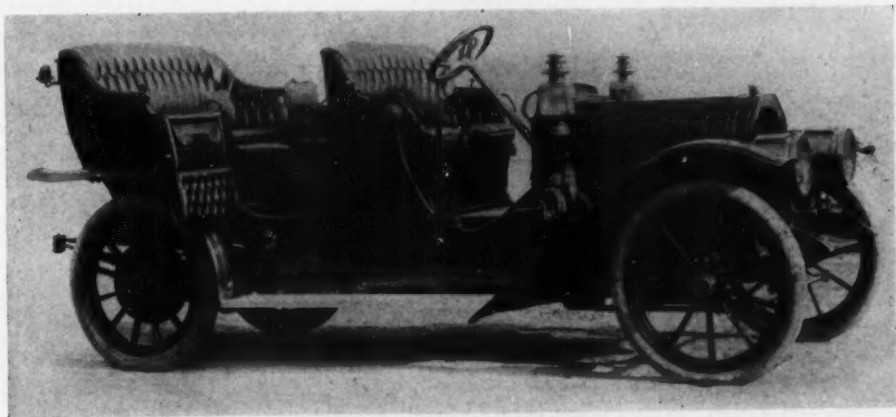
THE LOCOMOBILE, TYPE H, 35 H. P.



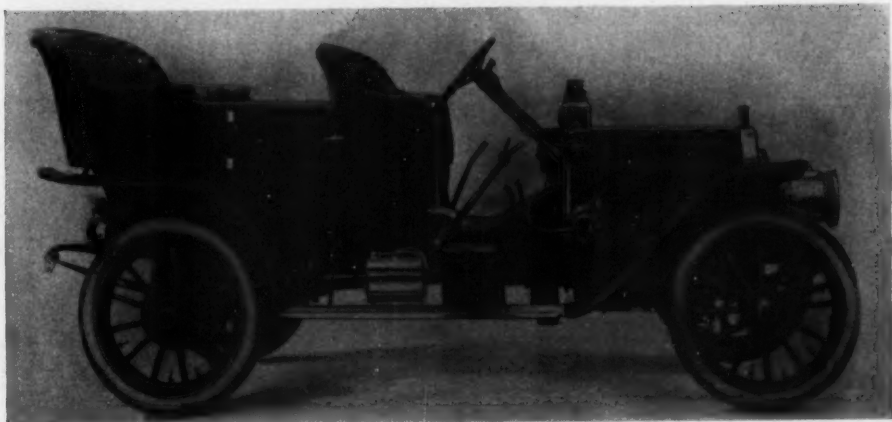
THE WHITE STEAM CAR, MODEL G, 30 H. P.



THE NORTHERN



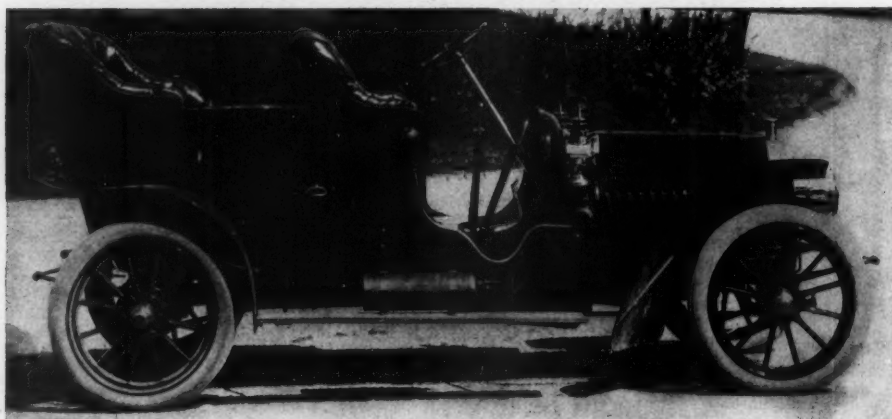
THE CAR DE LUXE, 50-60 H. P.



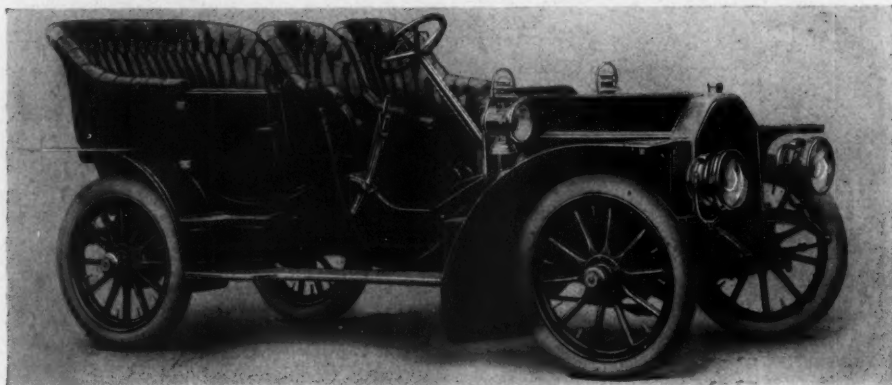
WAYNE MODEL N, 30-35 H. P.



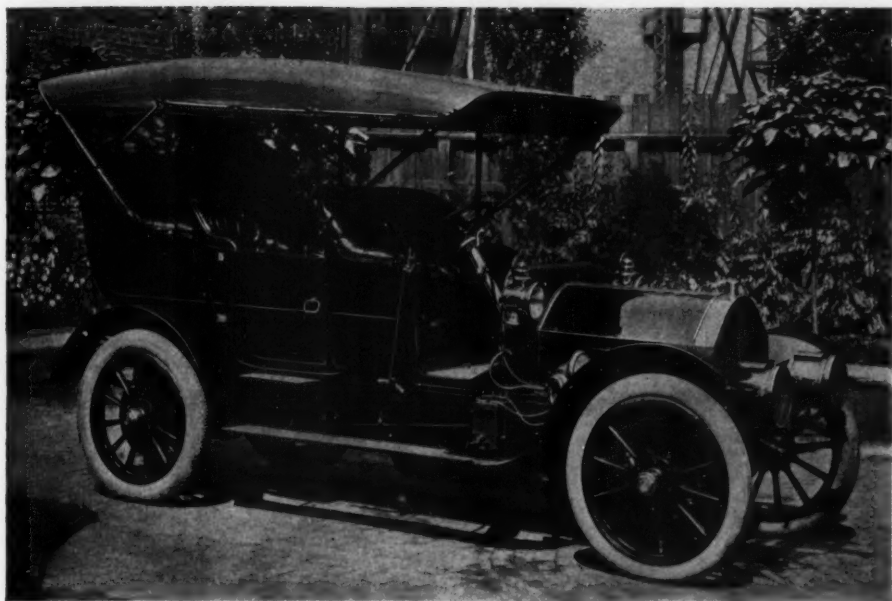
THE ROYAL TOURIST, MODEL G, SERIES 2, 45 H. P.



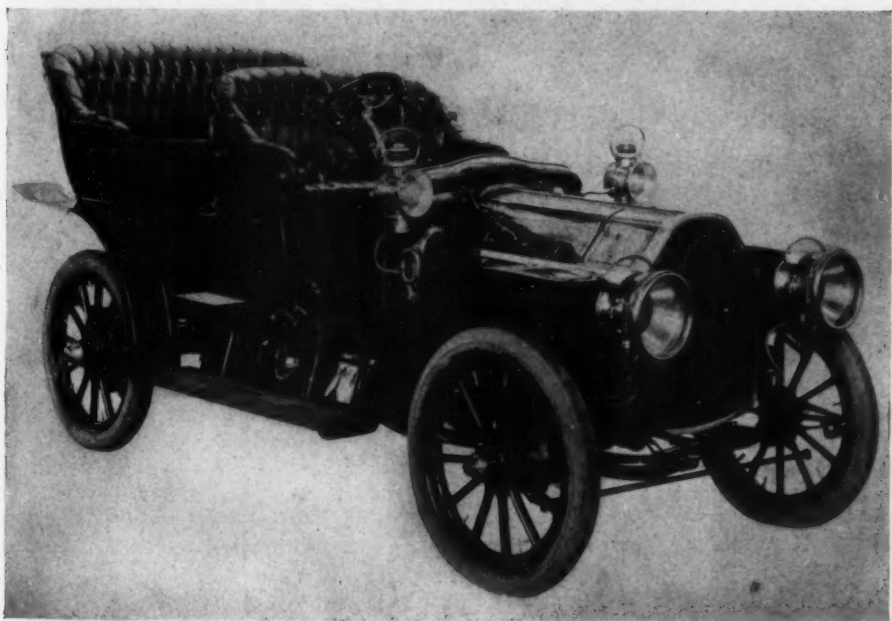
THE PREMIER 24



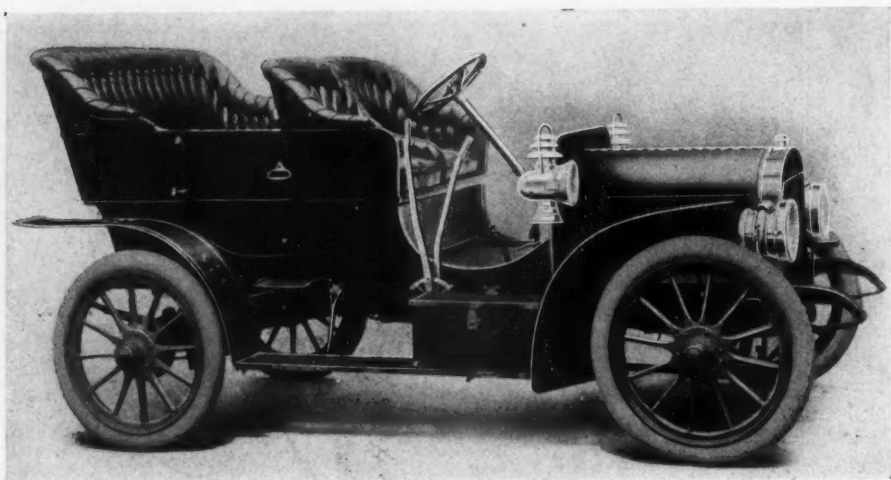
THE PEERLESS, 1907



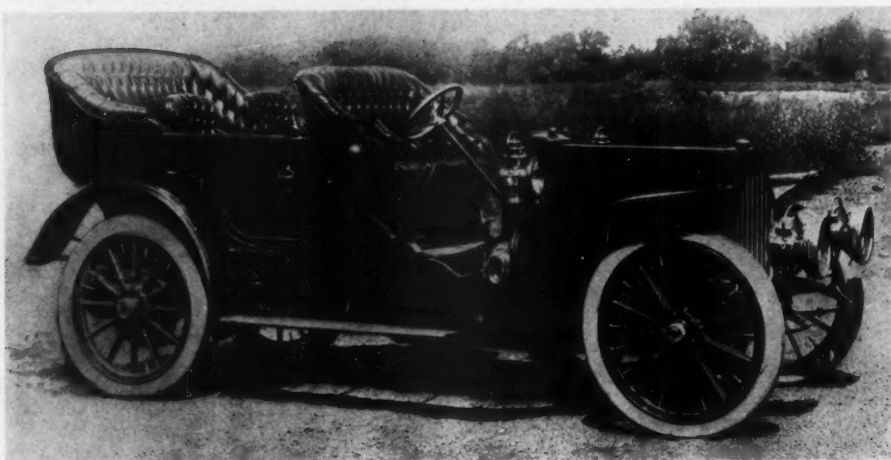
THE PIERCE GREAT ARROW, 40-45 H. P.



THE MARMON, MODEL F, 35-40 H. P. FOUR CYLINDER



THE CADILLAC, 1907



THE POPE-TOLEDO, TYPE XV, 1907, 50 H. P. TOURING CAR



THE PORT of MISSING MEN



By Meredith Nicholson

Author of "The House Of A Thousand Candles," Etc.

CHAPTER XIV

AN ENFORCED INTERVIEW

*En garde, Messieurs! And if my hand is hard,
Remember I've been buffeting at will;
I am a whit impatient, and 'tis ill
To cross a hungry dog. Messieurs, en garde.*

—W. LINDSEY.

"MONSIEUR Chauvenet!"

Armitage uncovered smilingly. Chauvenet stared mutely as Armitage paused with his back to the Clairborne gate. Chauvenet was dressed with his usual care, and wore the latest carnation in the lapel of his top coat. He struck the ground with his stick, his look of astonishment passed, and he smiled pleasantly as he returned Armitage's salutation.

"My dear Armitage!" he murmured.

"I didn't go to Mexico after all, my good Chauvenet. The place is full of fevers; I couldn't take the risk."

"He is indeed a wise man who safeguards his health," replied the other.

"You are quite right. And when one has had many narrow escapes, one may be excused for exercising rather particular care. Do you not find it so?" mocked Armitage.

"My dear fellow, my life is one long

fight against ennui. Danger, excitement, the hazard of my precious life—such pleasures of late have been denied me."

"But you are young and of intrepid spirit, Monsieur. It would be quite surprising if some perilous adventure did not overtake you before the silver gets in your hair."

"Ah! I assure you the speculation interests me; but I must trouble you to let me pass," continued Chauvenet, in the same tone. "I shall quite forget that I set out to make a call if I linger longer in your charming society."

"But I must ask you to delay your call for the present. I shall greatly value your company down the road a little way. It is a trifling favor, and you are a man of delightful courtesy."

Chauvenet twisted his mustache reflectively. His mind had been busy seeking means of turning the meeting to his own advantage. He had met Armitage at quite the least imaginable spot in the world for an encounter between them; and he was not a man who enjoyed surprises. He had taken care that the exposure of Armitage at Washington should be telegraphed to every part of the country, and

put upon the cables. He had expected Armitage to leave Washington, but he had no idea that he would turn up at a fashionable resort greatly affected by Washingtonians and only a comparatively short distance from the capital. He was at a great disadvantage in not knowing Armitage's plans and strategy; his own mind was curiously cunning, and his reasoning powers traversed oblique lines. He was thus prone to impute similar mental processes to other people; simplicity and directness he did not understand at all. He had underrated Armitage's courage and daring; he wished to make no further mistakes, and he walked back toward the hotel with apparent good grace. Armitage spoke now in a very different key, and the change displeased Chauvenet, for he much affected ironical raillery, and his companion's sterner tones disconcerted him.

"I take this opportunity to give you a solemn warning, Monsieur Jules Chauvenet, *alias* Rambaud, and thereby render you a greater service than you know. You have undertaken a deep and dangerous game—it is spectacular—it is picturesque—it is immense! It is so stupendous that the taking of a few lives seems trifling in comparison with the end to be attained. Now look about you for a moment, Monsieur Jules Chauvenet! In this mountain air a man may grow very sane and see matters very clearly. London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna—they are a long way off, and the things they stand for lose their splendor when a man sits among these American mountains and reflects upon the pettiness and sordidness of man's common ambitions."

"Is this exordium or peroration, my dear fellow?"

"It is both," replied Armitage succinctly, and Chauvenet was sorry he had spoken, for Armitage stopped short in a lonely stretch of the highway and continued in a disagreeable, incisive tone:

"I ran away from Washington after you told that story at Claiborne's supper-

table, not because I was afraid of your accusation, but because I wanted to watch your plans a little in security. The only man who could have helped me immediately was Senator Sanderson, and I knew that he was in Montana."

Chauvenet smiled with a return of assurance.

"Of course. The hour was chosen well!"

"More wisely, in fact, than your choice of that big assassin of yours. He's a clumsy fellow, with more brawn than brains. I had no trouble in shaking him off in Boston, where you probably advised him I should be taking the Montreal express."

Chauvenet blinked. This was precisely what he had told Zmai to expect. He shifted from one foot to another, and wondered just how he was to escape from Armitage. He had gone to Storm Springs to be near Shirley Claiborne, and he deeply resented having business thrust upon him.

"He is a wise man who wields the knife himself, Monsieur Chauvenet. In the taking of poor Count von Stroebel's life so deftly and secretly, you prove my philosophy. It was a clever job, Monsieur!"

Chauvenet's gloved fingers caught at his mustache.

"That is almost insulting, Monsieur Armitage. A distinguished statesman is killed—therefore I must have murdered him. You forget that there's a difference between us—you are an unknown adventurer, carried on the books of the police as a fugitive from justice, and I can walk to the hotel and get twenty reputable men to vouch for me. I advise you to be careful not to mention my name in connection with Count von Stroebel's death."

He had begun jauntily, but closed in heat, and when he finished Armitage nodded to signify that he understood perfectly.

"A few more deaths and you would be in a position to command tribute from a high quarter, Monsieur."

"Your mind seems to turn upon assas-

sination. If you know so much about Stroebel's death, it's unfortunate that you left Europe at a time when you might have rendered important aid in finding the murderer. It's a bit suspicious, Monsieur Armitage! It is known at the Hotel Monte Rosa in Geneva that you were the last person to enjoy an interview with the venerable statesman—you see I am not dull, Monsieur Armitage!"

"You are not dull, Chauvenet; you are only short-sighted. The same witnesses know that John Armitage was at the Hotel Monte Rosa for two days following the Count's departure. Meanwhile, where were you, Jules Chauvenet?"

Chauvenet's hand again went to his face, which whitened, though he sought refuge again in flippant irony.

"To be sure! Where was I, Monsieur? Undoubtedly you know all my movements, so that it is unnecessary for me to have any opinions in the matter."

"Quite so! Your opinions are not of great value to me, for I have taken the trouble to trace every move you made during the month in which Count von Stroebel was stabbed to death in his railway carriage. It is so interesting that I have committed the record to memory. If the story would interest you—"

The hand that sought the slight mustache trembled; but Chauvenet smiled.

"You should write the memoirs of your very interesting career, my dear fellow. I can not listen to your babble longer."

"I do not intend that you shall; but your whereabouts on Monday night, March eighteenth, of this year, may need explanation, Monsieur Chauvenet."

"If it should, I shall call upon you!"

"Save yourself the trouble! The bureau I employed to investigate the matter could assist you much better. All I could offer would be copies of its very thorough reports. The number of cups of coffee your friend Durand drank for breakfast this morning at his lodgings in Vienna will reach me in due course!"

"You are really a devil of a fellow, John Armitage! So much knowledge! So acute an intellect! You are too wise to throw away your life futilely."

"You have been most generous in sparing it thus far!" laughed Armitage, and Chauvenet took instant advantage of his change of humor.

"Perhaps—perhaps—I have pledged my faith in the wrong quarter, Monsieur. If I may say it, we are both fairly clever men; together we could achieve much!"

"So you would sell out, would you?" laughed Armitage. "You miserable little blackguard, I should like to join forces with you! Your knack of getting the poison into the right cup every time would be a valuable asset! But we are not made for each other in this world. In the next—who knows?"

"As you will! I dare say you would be an exacting partner."

"All of that, Chauvenet! You do best to stick to your present employer. He needs you and the like of you—I don't! But remember—if there's a sudden death in Vienna, in a certain high quarter, you will not live to reap the benefits. Charles Louis rules Austria-Hungary; his cousin, your friend Francis, is not of kingly proportions. I advise you to cable the amiable Durand of a dissolution of partnership. It is now too late for you to call at Judge Claiborne's, and I will trouble you to walk on down the road for ten minutes. If you look round or follow me, I shall certainly turn you into something less attractive than a pillar of salt. You do well to consult your watch—forward!"

Armitage pointed down the road with his riding crop. As Chauvenet walked slowly away, swinging his stick, Armitage turned toward the hotel. The shadow of night was enfolding the hills, and it was quite dark when he found Oscar and the horses.

He mounted, and they rode through the deepening April dusk, up the winding trail that led out of Storm Valley.

CHAPTER XV

SHIRLEY LEARNS A SECRET

*Nightingales warble about it
 All night under blossom and star;
 The wild swan is dying without it,
 And the eagle crieth afar;
 The sun, he doth mount but to find it
 Searching the green earth o'er;
 But more doth a man's heart mind it—
 O more, more, more!*

—G. E. WOODBERRY.

Shirley Claiborne was dressed for a ride, and while waiting for her horse she reread her brother's letter; and the postscript, which follows, she read twice:

"I shall never live down my acquaintance with the delectable Armitage. My brother officers insist on rubbing it in. I even hear, *ma chérie*, that you have gone into retreat by reason of the exposure. I'll admit, for your consolation, that he really took me in; and, further, I really wonder who in the devil he is—or *was*! Our last interview at the Club, after Chauvenet told his story, lingers with me disagreeably. I was naturally pretty hot to find him playing the darkly mysterious—which never did go with me—after eating my bird and drinking my bottle. As a precaution I have looked up Chauvenet to the best of my ability. At the Austro-Hungarian Embassy they speak well of him. He's over here to collect the price of a few cruisers or some such rubbish from one of our sister republics below the Gulf. But bad luck to all foreigners! Me for America every time!"

"Dear old Dick!" and she dropped the letter into a drawer and went out into the sunshine, mounted her horse and turned toward the hills.

She had spent the intermediate seasons of the year at Storm Springs ever since she could remember, and had climbed the surrounding hills and dipped into the valleys with a boy's zest and freedom. The

Virginia mountains were linked in her mind to the dreams of her youth, to her earliest hopes and aspirations, and to the books she had read, and she galloped happily out of the valley to the tune of an old ballad. She rode as a woman should, astride her horse and not madly clinging to it in the preposterous ancient fashion. She had known horses from early years, in which she had tumbled from her pony's back in the stableyard, and she knew how to train a horse to a gait and how to master a beast's fear; and even some of the tricks of the troopers in the Fort Myer drill she had surreptitiously practised in the meadow back of the Claiborne stable.

It was on Tuesday that John Armitage had appeared before her in the pergola. It was now Thursday afternoon, and Chauvenet had been to see her twice since, and she had met him the night before at a dance at one of the cottages.

Judge Claiborne was distinguished for his acute and sinewy mind; but he had, too, a strong feeling for art in all its expressions, and it was his gift of imagination—the ability to forecast the enemy's strategy and then strike his weakest point—that had made him a great lawyer and diplomat. Shirley had played chess with her father until she had learned to see around corners as he did; and she liked a problem, a test of wit, a contest of powers. She knew how to wait and ponder in silence, and therein lay the joy of the saddle, when she could ride alone with no groom to bother her, and watch enchantments unfold on the hilltops.

Once free of the settlement she rode far and fast, until she was quite beyond the usual routes of the Springs excursionists; then in mountain byways she enjoyed the luxury of leisure and dismounted now and then to delight in the green of the laurel and question the rhododendrons.

Jules Chauvenet had scoured the hills all day and explored many mountain paths and inquired cautiously of the natives. The telegraph operator at the Storm Springs inn was a woman, and the

despatch and receipt by Jules Chauvenet of long messages, many of them in cipher, piqued her curiosity. No member of the Washington diplomatic circle who came to the Springs—not even the shrewd and secretive Russian Ambassador—received longer or more cryptic cables. With the social diversions of the Springs and the necessity for making a show of having some legitimate business in America Jules Chauvenet was pretty well occupied; and now the presence of John Armitage in Virginia added to his burdens.

He was tired and perplexed, and it was with unaffected pleasure that he rode out of an obscure hill-path into a bit of open wood overhanging a curious defile and came upon Shirley Claiborne.

The soil was soft and his horse carried him quite near before she heard him. A broad sheet of water flashed down the farther side of the narrow pass, sending up a pretty spurt of spray wherever it struck the jutting rock. As Shirley turned toward him he urged his horse over the springy turf.

"A pity to disturb the picture, Miss Claiborne! A thousand pardons! But I really wished to see whether the figure could come out of the canvas. Now that I have dared to make the test, pray do not send me away."

Her horse turned restlessly and brought her face to face with Chauvenet.

"Steady, Fanny! Don't come near her, please—" This last to Chauvenet, who had leaped down and put out his hand to her horse's bridle. She had the true horse-woman's pride in caring for herself and her eyes flashed angrily for a moment at Chauvenet's proffered aid. A man might open a door for her or pick up her handkerchief, but to touch her horse was an altogether different business. The pretty, graceful mare was calm in a moment and arched her neck contentedly under the stroke of Shirley's hand.

"Beautiful! The picture is even more perfect, Mademoiselle!"

"Fanny is best in action, and splendid

when she runs away. She hasn't run away to-day, but I think she is likely to before we get home."

She was thinking of the long ride which she had no intention of taking in Chauvenet's company. He stood uncovered beside her, holding his horse.

"But the danger, Mademoiselle! You should not hazard your life with a runaway horse on these roads. It is not fair to your friends."

"You are a conservative, Monsieur. I should be ashamed to have a runaway in a city park, but what does one come to the country for?"

"What, indeed, but for excitement? You are not of those tame young women across the sea who come out into the world from a convent, frightened at all they see or hear and whisper 'Yes, Sister,' 'No, Sister,' to everything they hear."

"Yes; we Americans are deficient in shyness and humility. I have often heard it remarked, Monsieur Chauvenet."

"No! No! You misunderstand! Those deficiencies, as you term them, are delightful; they are what gives the charm to the American woman. I hope you would not believe me capable of speaking in disparagement, Mademoiselle—you must know—"

The water tumbled down the rock into the vale; the soft air was sweet with the scent of pines. An eagle cruised high against the blue overhead. Shirley's hand tightened on the rein, and Fanny lifted her head expectantly.

Chauvenet went on rapidly in French: "You must know why I am here—why I have crossed the sea to seek you in your own home. I have loved you, Mademoiselle, from the moment I first saw you in Florence. Here, with only the mountains, the sky, the wood, I must speak. You must hear—you must believe, that I love you! I offer you my life, my poor attainments—"

"Monsieur, you do me a great honor, but I can not listen. What you ask is quite impossible. But, Monsieur—"

Her eyes had fallen upon a thicket behind him where something had stirred. She thought at first that it was an animal of some sort; but she saw now quite distinctly a man's shabby felt hat that rose slowly until the bearded face of its wearer was disclosed.

"Monsieur!" cried Shirley in a low tone; "look behind you and be careful what you say or do. Leave the man to me."

Chauvenet turned and faced a scowling mountaineer who held a rifle and drew it to his shoulder as Chauvenet threw out his arms, dropped them to his thighs and laughed carelessly.

"What is it, my dear fellow—my watch—my purse—my horse?" he said in English.

"He wants none of those things," said Shirley, urging her horse a few steps toward the man. "The mountain people are not robbers. What can we do for you?" she asked pleasantly.

"You cain't do nothin' for me," drawled the man. "Go on away, Miss. I want to see this little fella'. I got a little business with him."

"He is a foreigner—he knows little of our language. You will do best to let me stay," said Shirley.

She had not the remotest idea of what the man wanted, but she had known the mountain folk from childhood and knew that knowledge of their ways and tact were necessary in dealing with them.

"Miss, I have seen you befo', and I reckon we ain't got no cause for trouble with you; but this little fella' ain't no business up hyeh. Them hotel people has their own places to ride and drive, and it's all right for you, miss; but what's yo' frien' ridin' the hills for at night? He's lookin' for some un', and I reckon as how that some un' air me!"

He spoke drawlingly with a lazy good humor in his tones, and Shirley's wits took advantage of his deliberation to consider the situation from several points of view. Chauvenet stood looking from Shirley to

the man and back again. He was by no means a coward, and he did not in the least relish the thought of owing his safety to a woman. But the confidence with which Shirley addressed the man, and her apparent familiarity with the peculiarities of the mountaineers impressed him. He spoke to her rapidly in French.

"Assure the man that I never heard of him before in my life—that the idea of seeking him never occurred to me."

The rifle—a repeater of the newest type—went to the man's shoulder in a flash and the blue barrel pointed at Chauvenet's head.

"None o' that! I reckon the American language air good enough for these 'ere negotiations."

Chauvenet shrugged his shoulders; but he gazed into the muzzle of the rifle unflinchingly.

"The gentleman was merely explaining that you are mistaken; that he does not know you and never heard of you before, and that he has not been looking for you in the mountains or anywhere else."

As Shirley spoke these words very slowly and distinctly she questioned for the first time Chauvenet's position. Perhaps, after all, the mountaineer had a real cause of grievance. It seemed wholly unlikely, but while she listened to the man's reply she weighed the matter judicially. They were in an unfrequented part of the mountains, which cottagers and hotel guests rarely explored. The mountaineer was saying:

"Mountain folks air slow, and we don't know much, but a stranger don't ride through these hills more than once for the scenery; the second time he's got to tell why; and the third time—well, Miss, you kin tell the little fella' that there ain't no third time."

Chauvenet flushed and he ejaculated hotly:

"I have never been here before in my life."

The man dropped the rifle into his arm without taking his eyes from Chauvenet.

He said, succinctly, but still with his drawl:

"You air a liar?"

Chauvenet took a step forward, looked again into the rifle barrel, and stopped short. Fanny, bored by the prolonged interview, bent her neck and nibbled a weed.

"This gentleman has been in America only a few weeks; you are certainly mistaken, friend," said Shirley boldly. Then the color flashed into her face, as an explanation of the mountaineer's interest in a stranger riding the hills occurred to her.

"My friend," she said, "I am Miss Claiborne. You may know my father's house down in the valley. We have been coming here as far back as I can remember."

The mountaineer listened to her gravely, and at her last words he unconsciously nodded his head. Shirley, seeing that he was interested, seized her advantage.

"I have no reason for misleading you. This gentleman is not a revenue man. He probably never heard of a—still, do you call it?—in his life—" and she smiled upon him sweetly. "But if you will let him go I promise to satisfy you entirely in the matter."

Chauvenet started to speak, but Shirley arrested him with a gesture, and spoke again to the mountaineer in her most engaging tone:

"We are both mountaineers, you and I, and we don't want any of our people to be carried off to jail. Isn't that so? Now let my friend ride away, and I shall stay here until I have quite assured you that you are mistaken about him."

She signaled Chauvenet to mount, holding the mystified and reluctant mountaineer with her eyes. Her heart was thumping fast and her hand shook a little as she tightened her grasp on the rein. She addressed Chauvenet in English as a mark of good faith to their captor.

"Ride on, Monsieur; do not wait for me."

"But it is growing dark—I can not leave you alone, Mademoiselle. You have

rendered me a great service, when it is I who should have extricated you—"

"Pray do not mention it! It is a mere chance that I am able to help. I shall be perfectly safe with this gentleman."

The mountaineer took off his hat.

"Thank ye, Miss," he said; and then to Chauvenet: "Get out!"

"Don't trouble about me in the least, Monsieur Chauvenet," and Shirley affirmed the last word with a nod as Chauvenet jumped into his saddle and rode off into the road. When the swift gallop of his horse had carried him out of sight and sound, Shirley faced the mountaineer.

"What is your name?"

"Tom Selfridge."

"Whom did you take that man to be, Mr. Selfridge?" asked Shirley, and in her eagerness she bent down above the mountaineer's bared tangle of tow.

"The name you called him ain't it. It's a queer name I never heerd tell on befo'—it's—it's like the a'my—"

"Is it Armitage?" asked Shirley quickly.

"That's it, Miss! The postmaster over at Lamar told me to look out fer 'im. He's moved up hyeh, and it ain't fer no good. The word's out that a city man's lookin' for something or somebody in these hills. And the man's stayin'—"

"Where?"

"At the huntin' club where folks don't go no more. I ain't seen him, but th' word's passed. He's a city man and a stranger, and got a little fella' that's been a soldier in th' army stayin' with 'im. I thought yo' furriner was him, Miss, honest to God I did."

The incident amused Shirley and she laughed aloud. She had undoubtedly gained information that Chauvenet had gone forth to seek; she had—and the thing was funny—served Chauvenet well in explaining away his presence in the mountains and getting him out of the clutches of the mountaineer, while at the same time she was learning for herself the fact of Armitage's whereabouts and

keeping it from Chauvenet. It was a curious adventure, and she gave her hand smilingly to the mystified and still doubting mountaineer.

"I give you my word of honor that neither man is a government officer and neither one has the slightest interest in you—will you believe me?"

"I reckon I got to, Miss."

"Good; and now, Mr. Selfridge, it is growing dark and I want you to walk down this trail with me until we come to the Storm Springs road."

"I'll do it gladly, Miss."

"Thank you; now let us be off."

She made him turn back when they reached a point from which they could look upon the electric lights of the Springs colony, and where the big hotel and its piazzas shone like a steamship at night. A moment later Chauvenet, who had waited impatiently, joined her, and they rode down together. She referred at once to the affair with the mountaineer in her most frivolous key.

"They are an odd and suspicious people, but they're as loyal as the stars. And please let us never mention the matter again—not to any one, if you please, Monsieur!"

CHAPTER XVI

NARROW MARGINS

*The black-caps pipe among the reeds,
And there'll be rain to follow;
There is a murmur as of wind
In every coign and hollow;
The wrens do chatter of their fears
While swinging on the barley-ears.*

—AMELIE RIVES.

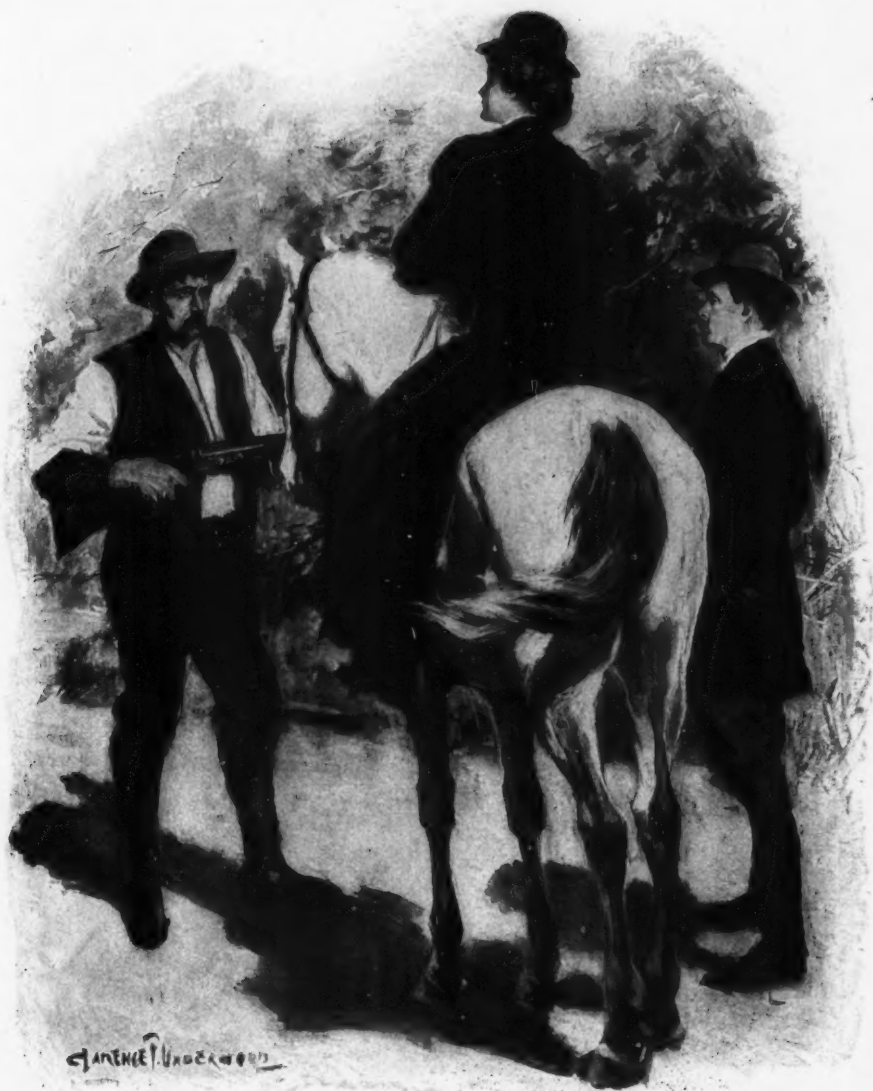
The Judge and Mrs. Claiborne were dining with some old friends in the valley, and Shirley, left alone, carried to the table several letters that had come in the late mail. The events of the afternoon filled her mind, and she was not sorry to be alone. It occurred to her that she was building up a formidable tower of strange

secrets, and she wondered whether, having begun by keeping her own counsel as to the attempts she had witnessed against John Armitage's life, she ought now to unfold all she knew to her father or to Dick. In the twentieth century homicide was not a common practice among men she knew or was likely to know; and the feeling of culpability for her silence crossed lances with a deepening sympathy for Armitage. She had learned where he was hiding, and she smiled at the recollection of the trifling bit of strategy she had practised upon Chauvenet.

The maid who served Shirley noted with surprise the long pauses in which her young mistress sat staring across the table lost in reverie. A pretty picture was Shirley in these intervals: one hand raised to her cheek, bright from the sting of the spring wind in the hills. Her forearm, white and firm and strong, was circled by a band of Roman gold, the only ornament she wore, and when she lifted her hand with its quick deft gesture, the trinket flashed away from her wrist and clasped the warm flesh as though in joy of the closer intimacy. Her hair was swept up high from her brow; her nose, straight, like her father's, was saved from arrogance by a sensitive mouth, all eloquent of kindness and wholesome mirth—but we take unfair advantage! A girl dining in candle-light with only her dreams for company should be safe from impertinent eyes.

She had kept Dick's letter till the last. He wrote often and in the key of his talk. She dropped a lump of sugar into her coffee-cup and read his hurried scrawl:

"What do you think has happened now? I have fourteen dollars worth of telegrams from Sanderson—wiring from some God-forsaken hole in Montana, that it's all rot about Armitage being that fake Baron von Kissel. The newspaper accounts of the *exposé* at my supper party had just reached him, and he says Armitage was on his (Armitage's) ranch all



"YOU AIR A LIAR," HE SAID



that summer the noble baron was devastating our northern sea-coast. Where, may I ask, does this leave me? And what cad gave that story to the papers? And where and *who* is John Armitage? Keep this mum for the present—even from the governor. If Sanderson is right, Armitage will undoubtedly turn up again—he has a weakness for turning up in your neighborhood!—and sooner or later he's bound to settle accounts with Chauvenet. Now that I think of it, who in the devil is *he*? And why didn't Armitage call him down at the club? As I think over the business my mind grows addled, and I feel as though I had been kicked by a horse."

Shirley laughed softly, keeping the note open before her and referring to it musingly as she stirred her coffee. She could not answer any of Dick's questions, but her interest in the contest between Armitage and Chauvenet was intensified by this latest turn in the affair. She read for an hour in the library, but the air was close, and she threw aside her book, drew on a light coat and went out upon the veranda. A storm was stealing down from the hills, and the fitful wind tasted of rain. She walked the length of the veranda several times, then paused at the farther end of it, where steps led out into the pergola. There was still a mist of starlight, and she looked out upon the vague outlines of the garden with thoughts of its needs and the gardener's work for the morrow. Then she was aware of a light step far out in the pergola, and listened carelessly to mark it, thinking it one of the house servants returning from a neighbor's; but the sound was furtive, and as she waited it ceased abruptly. She was about to turn into the house to summon help when she heard a stir in the shrubbery in quite another part of the garden, and in a moment the stooping figure of a man moved swiftly toward the pergola.

Shirley stood quite still, watching and listening. The sound of steps in the per-

gola reached her again, then a rush of flight, and out in the garden a flying figure darted in and out among the walks. For several minutes the two dark figures played at vigorous hide and seek. Occasionally gravel crunched under foot and shrubbery snapped back with a sharp swish where it was caught and held for support at corners. Pursued and pursuer were alike silent; the scene was like a pantomime.

Then the tables seemed to be turned; the bulkier figure of the pursuer was now in flight; and Shirley lost both for a moment, and immediately a dark form rose at the wall; she heard the scratch of feet upon the brick surface as a man gained the top, turned and lifted his arm as though aiming a weapon.

Then a dark object hurled through the air struck him squarely in the face and he tumbled over the wall, and Shirley heard him crash through the hedge of the neighboring estate; then all was quiet again.

The game of hide-and-seek in the garden and the scramble over the wall had consumed only two or three minutes, and Shirley now waited, her eyes bent upon the darkly outlined pergola for some manifestation from the remaining intruder. A man now walked rapidly toward the veranda, carrying a cloak on his arm. She recognized Armitage instantly. He doffed his hat and bowed. The lights of the house lamps shone full upon him, and she saw that he was laughing a little breathlessly.

"This is really fortunate, Miss Claiborne. I owe your house an apology, and if you will grant me audience I will offer it to you."

He threw the cloak over his shoulder and fanned himself with his hat.

"You are a most informal person, Mr. Armitage," said Shirley coldly.

"I'm afraid I am! The most amazing ill luck follows me! I had dropped in to enjoy the quiet and charm of your garden, but the tranquil life is not for me. There was another gentleman, equally

bent on enjoying the pergola. We engaged in a pretty running match, and because I was fleet of foot he grew ugly and tried to put me out of commission."

He was still laughing, but Shirley felt that he was again trying to make light of a serious situation, and a further tie of secrecy with Armitage was not to her liking. As he walked boldly to the veranda steps, she stepped back from him.

"No! No! This is impossible—it will not do at all, Mr. Armitage. It is not kind of you to come here in this strange fashion."

"In this way forsooth! How could I send in my card when I was being chased all over the estate! I didn't mean to apologize for coming"—and he laughed again, with an honest mirth that shook her resolution to deal harshly with him. "But," he went on, "it was the flower pot! He was mad because I beat him in the foot-race and wanted to shoot me from the wall, and I tossed him a potted geranium—geraniums are splendid for the purpose—and it caught him square in the head. I have the knack of it! Once before I handed him a boiling-pot!"

"It must have hurt him," said Shirley; and he laughed at her tone that was meant to be severe.

"I certainly hope so; I most devoutly hope he felt it! He was most tenderly solicitous for my health; and if he had really shot me there in the garden it would have had an ugly look. Armitage, the false baron, would have been identified as a daring burglar, shot while trying to burglarize the Claiborne mansion! But I wouldn't take the Claiborne plate for anything, I assure you!"

"I suppose you didn't think of us—all of us, and the unpleasant consequences to my father and brother if something disagreeable happened here?"

There was real anxiety in her tone, and he saw that he was going too far with his light treatment of the affair. His tone changed instantly.

"Please forgive me! I would not cause

embarrassment or annoyance to any member of your family for kingdoms. I didn't know I was being followed—I had come here to see you. That is the truth of it."

"You mustn't try to see me! You mustn't come here at all unless you come with the knowledge of my father. And the very fact that your life is sought so persistently—at most unusual times and in impossible places, leaves very much to explain."

"I know that! I realize all that!"

"Then you must not come! You must leave instantly."

She walked away toward the front door; but he followed, and at the door she turned to him again. They were in the full glare of the door lamps, and she saw that his face was very earnest, and as he began to speak he flinched and shifted the cloak awkwardly.

"You have been hurt—why did you not tell me that?"

"It is nothing—the fellow had a knife, and he—but it's only a trifle in the shoulder. I must be off!"

The lightning had several times leaped sharply out of the hills; the wind was threshing the garden foliage, and now the rain roared on the tin roof of the veranda.

As he spoke a carriage rolled into the grounds and came rapidly toward the *porte cochère*.

"I'm off—please believe in me—a little."

"You must not go if you are hurt—and you can't run away now—my father and mother are at the door."

There was an instant's respite while the carriage drew up to the veranda steps. She heard the stable boy running out to help with the horses.

"You can't go now; come in and wait."

There was no time for debate. She flung open the door and swept him past her with a gesture—through the library and beyond, into a smaller room used by Judge Claiborne as an office. Armitage sank down on a leather couch as Shirley

flung the portières together with a sharp rattle of the rod rings.

She walked toward the hall door as her father and mother entered from the veranda.

"Ah, Miss Claiborne! Your father and mother picked me up and brought me in out of the rain. Your Storm Valley is giving us a taste of its powers."

And Shirley went forward to greet Baron von Marhof.

CHAPTER XVII

A GENTLEMAN IN HIDING

Oh, sweetly fall the April days!

My love was made of frost and light,

Of light to warm and frost to blight

The sweet, strange April of her ways.

Eyes like a dream of changing skies,

And every frown and blush I prize.

With cloud and flush the spring comes in,

With frown and blush maids' loves begin;

For love is rare like April days.

—L. FRANK TOOKER.

Mrs. Claiborne excused herself shortly, and Shirley, her father and the ambassador talked to the accompaniment of the shower that drove in great sheets against the house. Shirley was wholly uncomfortable over the turn of affairs. The ambassador would not leave until the storm abated, and meanwhile Armitage must remain where he was. If by any chance he should be discovered in the house no ordinary excuses would explain away his presence, and as she pondered the matter, it was Armitage's plight—his injuries and the dangers that beset him, that were uppermost in her mind. The embarrassment that lay in the affair for herself if Armitage should be found concealed in the house troubled her little. Her heart beat wildly as she realized this; and the look in his eyes and the quick pain that twitched his face at the door haunted her.

The two men were talking of the new order of things in Vienna.

"The trouble is," said the ambassador, "that Austria-Hungary is not a nation, but what Metternich called Italy—a geographical expression. Where there are so many loose ends a strong grasp is necessary to hold them together."

"And a weak hand," suggested Judge Claiborne, "might easily lose or scatter them."

"Precisely. And a man of character and spirit could topple down the card-house to-morrow, pick out what he liked, and create for himself a new edifice—and a stronger one. I speak frankly. Von Stroebel is out of the way; the new Emperor-king is a weakling, and if he should die to-night or to-morrow—"

The ambassador lifted his hands and snapped his fingers.

"Yes; after him, what?"

"After him his scoundrelly cousin Francis; and then a stronger than Von Stroebel might easily fail to hold the *disjecta membra* of the empire together."

"But there are shadows on the screen," remarked Judge Claiborne. "There was Karl—the mad prince."

"Humph! There was some red blood in him; but he was impossible; he had a taint of democracy, treason, rebellion."

Judge Claiborne laughed.

"I don't like the combination of terms. If treason and rebellion are synonyms of democracy, we Americans are in danger."

"No; you are a miracle—that is the only explanation," replied Marhof.

"But a man like Karl—what if he were to reappear in the world! A little democracy might solve your problem."

"No, thank God! he is out of the way. He was sane enough to take himself off and die."

"But his ghost walks. Not a year ago we heard of him; and he had a son who chose his father's exile. What if Charles Louis, who is without heirs, should die and Karl or his son—"

"In the providence of God they are dead. Impostors gain a little brief notoriety by pretending to be the lost Karl

or his son Frederick Augustus; but Von Stroebel satisfied himself that Karl was dead. I am quite sure of it. You know dear Stroebel had a genius for gaining information."

"I have heard as much," and Shirley and the baron smiled at Judge Claiborne's tone.

The storm was diminishing and Shirley grew more tranquil. Soon the ambassador would leave and she would send Armitage away; but the mention of Stroebel's name rang oddly in her ears, and the curious way in which Armitage and Chauvenet had come into her life awoke new and anxious questions.

"Count von Stroebel was not a democrat, at any rate," she said. "He believed in the divine right and all that."

"So do I, Miss Claiborne. It's all we've got to stand on!"

"But suppose a democratic prince were to fall heir to one of the European thrones, insist on giving his crown to the poor and taking his oath in a frock coat, upsetting the old order entirely—"

"He would be a fool, and the people would drag him to the block in a week," declared the baron vigorously.

They pursued the subject in lighter vein a few minutes longer, then the baron rose. Judge Claiborne summoned the waiting carriage from the stable, and the baron drove home.

"I ought to work for an hour on that Danish claims matter," remarked the Judge, glancing toward his curtained den.

"You will do nothing of the kind! Night work is not permitted in the valley."

"Thank you! I hoped you would say that, Shirley. I believe I am tired; and now if you will find a magazine for me, I'll go to bed. Ring for Thomas to close the house."

"I have a few notes to write; they'll take only a minute."

She heard her father's door close, listened to be quite sure that the house was quiet, and threw back the curtains. Ar-

mitage stepped from the shadow out into the library.

"You must go—you must go!" she whispered with deep tensivity.

"Yes; I must go. You have been kind—you are most generous—"

But she went before him to the hall, waited, listened, for one instant; then threw open the outer door and bade him go. The rain dripped heavily from the eaves, and the cool breath of the freshened air was sweet and stimulating. She was immensely relieved to have him out of the house, but he lingered on the veranda, staring helplessly about.

"I shall go home," he said, but so unsteadily that she looked at him quickly. He carried the cloak flung over his shoulder and in readjusting it dropped it to the floor, and she saw in the light of the door lamps that his arm hung limp at his side and the gray cloth of his sleeve was heavy and dark with blood. With a quick gesture she stooped and picked up the cloak.

"Come, come! This is very dreadful—you must go to a physician at once."

"My man and horse are waiting for me; the injury is nothing." But she threw the cloak over his shoulders and led the way, across the veranda, and out upon the walk.

"I do not need the doctor—not now. My man will care for me."

He started through the dark toward the side wall, as though confused, and she went before him toward the side entrance. He was aware of her quick light step; of the soft rustle of her skirts, of a wish to send her back, which his tongue could not voice; but he knew that it was sweet to follow her leading. At the gate he took his bearings with a new assurance and strength.

"It seems that I always appear to you in some miserable fashion—it is preposterous for me to ask forgiveness. To thank you—"

"Please say nothing at all—but go! Your enemies must not find you here again—you must leave the valley!"

"I have a work to do! But it must not touch your life. Your happiness is too much, too sweet to me."

"You must leave the bungalow—I found out to-day where you are staying. There is a new danger there—the mountain people think you are a revenue officer. I told one of them—"

"Yes?"

"—that you were not! That is enough. Now hurry away. You must find your horse and go."

He bent and kissed her hand.

"You trust me; that is the dearest thing in the world." His voice faltered and broke in a sob, for he was worn and weak, and the mystery of the night and the dark, silent garden wove a spell upon him and his heart leaped at the touch of his lips upon her fingers. Their figures were only blurs in the dark, and their low tones died instantly, muffled by the darkness. She opened the gate as he began to promise not to appear before her again in any way to bring her trouble; but her low whisper arrested him.

"Do not let them hurt you again—" she said; and he felt her hand seek his, felt its cool furtive pressure for a moment; and then she was gone. He heard the house door close a moment later, and, gazing across the garden, saw the lights on the veranda flash out.

Then with a smile on his face he strode away to find Oscar and the horses.

CHAPTER XVIII

AN EXCHANGE OF MESSAGES

*When youth was lord of my unchallenged fate,
And time seemed but the vassal of my will,
I entertained certain guests of state—*

*The great of older days, who, faithful still,
Have kept with me the pact my youth had made.*

—S. WEIR MITCHELL.

"Who am I?" asked John Armitage soberly.

He tossed the stick of a match into

the fireplace, where a pine-knot smoldered, drew his pipe into a glow and watched Oscar screw the top on a box of ointment which he had applied to Armitage's arm. The little soldier turned and stood sharply at attention.

"You are Mr. John Armitage, sir. A man's name is what he says it is. It is the rule of the country."

"Thank you, Oscar. Your words reassure me. There have been times lately when I have been in doubt of myself. You are a pretty good doctor."

"First aid to the injured; I learned the trick from a hospital steward. If you are not poisoned, and do not die, you will recover—yes?"

"Thank you, sergeant. You are a consoling spirit; but I assure you on my honor as a gentleman that if I die I shall certainly haunt you. This is the fourth day. To-morrow I shall throw away the bandage and be quite ready for more trouble."

"It would be better on the fifth—"

"The matter is settled. You will now go for the mail; and do take care that no one pots you on the way. Your death would be a positive loss to me, Oscar. And if any one asks how my Majesty is—mark, my Majesty—pray say that I am quite well and equal to ruling over many kingdoms."

"Yes, sire."

And Armitage roared with laughter, as the little man, pausing as he buckled a cartridge belt under his coat, bowed with a fine mockery of reverence.

"If a man were king he could have a devilish fine time of it, Oscar."

"He could review many troops and they would fire salutes until the powder cost much money."

"You are mighty right, as we say in Montana; and I'll tell you quite confidentially, sergeant, that if I were out of work and money and needed a job the thought of being king might tempt me. These gentlemen who are trying to stick knives into me think highly of my chances. They

may force me into the business—" and Armitage rose and kicked the flaring knot.

Oscar drew on his gauntlet with a jerk.

"They killed the great prime minister—yes?"

"They undoubtedly did, Oscar."

"He was a good man—he was a very great man," said Oscar slowly, and went quickly out and closed the door softly after him.

The life of the two men in the bungalow was established in a definite routine. Oscar was drilled in habits of observation and attention and he realized without being told that some serious business was afoot; he knew that Armitage's life had been attempted, and that the receipt and despatch of telegrams was a part of whatever errand had brought his master to the Virginia hills. His occupations were wholly to his liking; there was simple food to eat; there were horses to tend; and his errands abroad were of the nature of scouting and in keeping with one's dignity who had been a soldier. He rose often at night to look abroad, and sometimes he found Armitage walking the veranda or returning from a tramp through the wood. Armitage spent much time studying papers; and once, the day after Armitage submitted his wounded arm to Oscar's care, he had seemed upon the verge of a confidence.

"To save life; to prevent disaster; to do a little good in the world—such things are to the soul's credit, Oscar," and then Armitage's mood changed and he had begun chaffing in a fashion that was beyond Oscar's comprehension.

The little soldier rode over the hills to Lamar in the waning spring twilight, asked at the telegraph office for messages, stuffed Armitage's mail into his pockets at the postoffice, and turned home as the moonlight poured down the slopes and flooded the valleys. The Virginia roads have been cursed by larger armies than any that ever marched in Flanders, but Oscar was not a swearing man. He paused to rest his beast occasionally and

to observe the landscape with the eye of a strategist. Moonlight, he remembered, was a useful accessory of the assassin's trade, and the faint sounds of the spring night were all promptly traced to their causes as they reached his alert ears.

At the gate of the hunting-park grounds he bent forward in the saddle to lift the chain that held it; urged his horse inside, bent down to refasten it, and as his fingers clutched the iron a man rose in the shadow of the little lodge and clasped him about the middle. The iron chain swung free and rattled against the post, and the horse snorted with fright, then, at a word from Oscar, was still. There was the barest second of waiting, in which the long arms tightened, and the great body of his assailant hung heavily about him; then he dug spurs into the horse's flanks and the animal leaped forward with a snort of rage, jumped out of the path and tore away through the woods.

Oscar's whole strength was taxed to hold his seat as the burly figure thumped against the horse's flanks. He had hoped to shake the man off, but the great arms still clasped him. The situation could not last. Oscar took advantage of the moonlight to choose a spot in which to terminate it. He had his bearings now, and as they crossed an opening in the wood he suddenly loosened his grip on the horse and flung himself backward. His assailant, no longer supported, rolled to the ground with Oscar on top of him, and the freed horse galloped away toward the stable.

A rough and tumble fight now followed. Oscar's lithe, vigorous body writhed in the grasp of his antagonist, now free, now clasped by giant arms. They saw each other's faces plainly in the clear moonlight, and at breathless pauses in the struggle their eyes maintained the state of war. At one instant, when both men lay with arms interlocked, half-lying on their thighs, Oscar hissed in the giant's ear:

"You are a Servian; it is an ugly race."

And the Servian cursed him in a fierce growl.

"We expected you; you are a bad hand with the knife," grunted Oscar, and feeling the bellows-like chest beside him expand, as though in preparation for a renewal of the fight, he suddenly wrenched himself free of the Servian's grasp, leaped away a dozen paces to the shelter of a great pine, and turned, revolver in hand.

"Throw up your hands," he yelled.

The Servian fired without pausing for aim, the shot ringing out sharply through the wood. Then Oscar discharged his revolver three times in quick succession, and while the discharges were still keen on the air he drew quickly back to a clump of underbrush, and crept away a dozen yards to watch events. The Servian, with his eyes fixed upon the tree behind which his adversary had sought shelter, grew anxious, and thrust his head forward warily.

Then he heard a sound as of some one running through the wood to the left and behind him, but still the man he had grappled on the horse made no sign. It dawned upon him that the three shots fired in front of him had been a signal, and in alarm he turned toward the gate, but a voice near at hand called loudly, "Oscar!" and repeated the name several times.

Behind the Servian the little soldier answered sharply in English:

"All steady, sir!"

The use of a strange tongue added to the Servian's bewilderment, and he fled toward the gate, with Oscar hard after him. Then Armitage suddenly leaped out of the shadows directly in his path and stopped him with a leveled revolver.

"Easy work, Oscar! Take the gentleman's gun and be sure to find his knife."

The task was to Oscar's liking, and he made quick work of the Servian's pockets.

"Your horse was a good dispatch bearer. You are all sound, Oscar?"

"Never better, sir. A revolver and two knives—" the weapons flashed in the moonlight as he held them up.

"Good! Now start your friend toward the bungalow."

They set off at a quick pace, soon found the rough driveway, and trudged along silently, the Servian between his captors.

When they reached the house Armitage flung open the door and followed Oscar and the prisoner into the long sitting-room.

Armitage lighted a pipe at the mantel, readjusted the bandage on his arm, and laughed aloud as he looked upon the huge figure of the Servian standing beside the sober little cavalryman.

"Oscar, there are certainly giants in these days, and we have caught one. You will please see that the cylinder of your revolver is in good order and prepare to act as clerk of our court-martial. If the prisoner moves, shoot him."

He spoke these last words very deliberately in German, and the Servian's small eyes blinked his comprehension. Armitage sat down on the writing-table, with his own revolver and the prisoner's knives and pistol within reach of his available hand. A smile of amusement played over his face as he scrutinized the big body and its small, bullet-like head.

"He is a large devil," commented Oscar.

"He is large, certainly," remarked Armitage. "Give him a chair. Now," he said to the man in deliberate German, "I shall say a few things to you which I am very anxious for you to understand. You are a Servian."

The man nodded.

"Your name is Zmai Miletich."

The man shifted his great bulk uneasily in his chair and fastened his lusterless little eyes upon Armitage.

"Your name," repeated Armitage, "is Zmai Miletich; your home is, or was, in the village of Toplica, where you were a blacksmith until you became a thief. You are employed as an assassin by two gentlemen known as Chauvenet and Durand—do you follow me?"

The man was indeed following him with deep engrossment. His narrow forehead

was drawn into minute wrinkles; his small eyes seemed to recede into his head; his great body turned uneasily.

"I ask you again," repeated Armitage, "whether you follow me. There must be no mistake."

Oscar, anxious to take his own part in the conversation, prodded Zmai in the ribs with a pistol barrel, and the big fellow growled and nodded his head.

"There is a house in the outskirts of Vienna where you have been employed at times as gardener, and another house in Geneva where you wait for orders. At this latter place it was my great pleasure to smash you in the head with a boiling-pot on a certain evening in March."

The man scowled and ejaculated an oath with so much venom that Armitage laughed.

"Your conspirators are engaged upon a succession of murders, and when they have removed the last obstacle they will establish a new emperor-king in Vienna and you will receive a substantial reward for what you have done—"

The blood suffused the man's dark face, and he half rose, a great roar of angry denial breaking from him.

"That will do. You tried to kill me on the *King Edward*; you tried your knife on me again down there in Judge Claiborne's garden; and you came up here to-night with a plan to kill my man and then take your time to me. Give me the mail, Oscar."

He opened the letters which Oscar had brought and scanned several that bore a Paris postmark, and when he had pondered their contents a moment he laughed and jumped from the table. He brought a portfolio from his bedroom and sat down to write.

"Don't shoot the gentleman as long as he is quiet. You may even give him a glass of whisky to soothe his feelings."

Armitage wrote:

"MONSIEUR—Your assassin is a clumsy

fellow and you will do well to send him back to the blacksmith shop at Toplica. I learn that Monsieur Durand, distressed by the delay in affairs in America, will soon join you—is even now aboard the *Tacoma*, bound for New York. I am profoundly grateful for this, dear Monsieur, as it gives me an opportunity to conclude our interesting business in republican territory without prejudice to any of the parties chiefly concerned.

"You are a clever and daring rogue, yet at times you strike me as immensely dull, Monsieur. Ponder this: should it seem expedient for me to establish my identity—which I am sure interests you greatly—before Baron von Marhof, and, we will add, the American secretary of state, be quite sure that I shall not do so until I have taken precautions against your departure in any unseemly haste. I, myself, dear friend, am not without a certain facility in setting traps."

Armitage threw down the pen and read what he had written with care. Then he wrote as signature the initials F. A., inclosed the note in an envelope and addressed it, pondered again, laughed and slapped his knee and went into his room, where he rummaged about until he found a small seal beautifully wrought in bronze and a bit of wax. Returning to the table he lighted a candle, and deftly sealed the letter. He held the red scar on the back of the envelope to the lamp and examined it with interest. The lines of the seal were deep cut, and the impression was perfectly distinct, of F. A. in English script, linked together by the bar of the F.

"Oscar, what do you recommend that we do with the prisoner?"

"He should be tied to a tree and shot; or, perhaps, it would be better to hang him to the rafters in the kitchen. Yet he is heavy and might pull down the roof."

"You are a bloodthirsty wretch, and there is no mercy in you. Private executions are not allowed in this country; you

would have us before the grand jury and our own necks stretched. No; we shall send him back to his master."

"It is a mistake. If your Excellency would go away for an hour he should never know where the buzzards found his carcass."

"Tush! I would not trust his valuable life to you. Get up!" he commanded, and Oscar jerked Zmai to his feet.

"You deserve nothing at my hands, but I need a discreet messenger, and you shall not die to-night, as my worthy adjutant recommends. To-morrow night, however, or the following night—or any other old night, as we say in America—if you show yourself in these hills, my chief of staff shall have his way with you—buzzard meat!"

"The orders are understood," said Oscar, thrusting the revolver into the giant's ribs.

"Now, Zmai, blacksmith of Toplica, and assassin at large, here is a letter for Monsieur Chauvenet. It is still early. When you have delivered it, bring me back the envelope with Monsieur's receipt written right here, under the seal. Do you understand?"

It had begun to dawn upon Zmai that his life was not in immediate danger, and the light of intelligence kindled again in his strange little eyes. Lest he might not fully grasp the errand with which Armitage intrusted him, Oscar repeated what Armitage had said in somewhat coarser terms.

Again through the moonlight strode the three—out of Armitage's land to the valley road and to the same point to which Shirley Claiborne had only a few days before been escorted by the mountaineer.

There they sent the Servian forward to the Springs, and Armitage went home, leaving Oscar to wait for the return of the receipt.

It was after midnight when Oscar placed it in Armitage's hands at the bungalow.

"Oscar, it would be a dreadful thing to

kill a man," Armitage declared, holding the empty envelope to the light and reading the line scrawled beneath the unbroken wax. It was in French:

"You are young to die, Monsieur."

"A man more or less!" and Oscar shrugged his shoulders.

"You are not a good churchman. It is a grievous sin to do murder."

"One may repent; it is so written. The people of your house are Catholics also."

"That is quite true, though I may seem to forget it. Our work will be done soon, please God, and we shall ask the blessed sacrament somewhere in these hills."

Oscar crossed himself and fell to cleaning his rifle.

CHAPTER XIX

CAPTAIN CLAIBORNE ON DUTY

*When he came where the trees were thin,
The moon sat waiting there to see;
On her worn palm she laid her chin,
And laughed awhile in sober glee
To think how strong this knight had been.*

—WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

In some mystification Captain Richard Claiborne packed a suit-case in his quarters at Fort Myer. Being a soldier, he obeyed orders; but being human, he was also possessed of a degree of curiosity. He did not know just the series of incidents and conferences that preceded his summons to Washington, but they may be summarized thus:

Baron von Marhof was a cautious man. When the young gentlemen of his legation spoke to him in awed whispers of a cigarette case bearing an extraordinary device that had been seen in Washington he laughed them away; then, possessing a curious and thorough mind, he read all the press clippings relating to the false Baron von Kissel, and studied the heraldic emblems of the Schomburgs. As he pon-

dered, he regretted the death of his eminent brother-in-law, Count Ferdinand von Stroebel, who was not a man to stumble over so negligible a trifle as a cigarette case. But Von Marhof himself was not without resources. He told the gentlemen of his suite that he had satisfied himself that there was nothing in the Armitage mystery; then he cabled Vienna discreetly for a few days, and finally consulted Hilton Claiborne, the embassy's counsel, at the Claiborne home at Storm Springs.

They had both gone hurriedly to Washington, where they held a long conference with the Secretary of State. Then the state department called the war department by telephone, and quickly down the line to the commanding officer at Fort Myer went a special assignment for Captain Claiborne to report to the Secretary of State. A great deal of perfectly sound red tape was reduced to minute particles in these manipulations; but Baron von Marhof's business was urgent; it was also of a private and wholly confidential character. Therefore, he returned to his cottage at Storm Springs, and the Washington papers stated that he was ill and had gone back to Virginia to take the waters.

The Claiborne house was the pleasantest place in Storm Valley, and the library a comfortable place for a conference. Dick Claiborne caught the gravity of the older men as they unfolded to him the task for which they had asked his services. The baron stated the case in these words:

"You know and have talked with this man Armitage; you saw the device on the cigarette case; and asked an explanation, which he refused; and you know also Chauvenet, whom we suspect of complicity with the conspirators at home. Armitage is not the false Baron von Kissel—we have established that from Senator Sanderson beyond question. But Sanderson's knowledge of the man is of comparatively recent date—going back about five years to the time Armitage purchased his Montana ranch. Whoever Armitage may be, he pays his bills; he conducts himself like a

gentleman; he travels at will, and people who meet him say a good word for him."

"He is an agreeable man and remarkably well posted in European politics," said Judge Claiborne. "I talked with him a number of times on the *King Edward*, and must say that I liked him."

"Chauvenet evidently knows him; there was undoubtedly something back of that little trick at my supper party at the Army and Navy," said Dick.

"It might be explained—" began the baron; then he paused and looked from father to son. "Pardon me, but they both manifest some interest in Miss Claiborne."

"We met them abroad," said Dick; "and they both turned up again in Washington."

"One of them is here, or has been here in the valley—why not the other?" asked Judge Claiborne.

"But, of course, Shirley knows nothing of Armitage's whereabouts," Dick protested.

"Certainly not," declared his father.

"How did you make Armitage's acquaintance?" queried the ambassador. "Some one must have been responsible for introducing him—if you can remember."

Dick laughed.

"It was in the Monte Rosa, at Geneva. Shirley and I had been chaffing each other about the persistence with which Armitage seemed to follow us. He was taking *déjeuner* at the same hour, and he passed us going out. Old Arthur Singleton—the ubiquitous—was talking to us, and he nailed Armitage with his customary zeal and introduced him to us in quite the usual American fashion. Later I asked Singleton who he was and he knew nothing about him. Then Armitage turned up on the steamer, where he made himself most agreeable. Next, Senator Sanderson vouched for him as one of his Montana constituents. You know the rest of the story. I swallowed him whole; he called at our house on several occasions,

and came to the post, and I asked him to my supper for the Spanish *attaché*."

"And now, Dick, we want you to find him and get him into a room with ourselves, where we can ask him some questions," declared Judge Claiborne.

They discussed the matter in detail. It was agreed that Dick should remain at the Springs for a few days to watch Chauvenet; then, if he got no clue to Armitage's whereabouts, he was to go to Montana, to see if anything could be learned there.

"We must find him—there must be no mistake about it," said the ambassador to Judge Claiborne, when they were alone. "They are almost panic-stricken in Vienna. What with the match burning close to the powder in Hungary and clever heads plotting in Vienna this American end of the game has dangerous possibilities."

"And when we have young Armitage—" the judge began.

"Then we shall know the truth."

"But suppose—suppose," and Judge Claiborne glanced at the door, "suppose Charles Louis, emperor-king of Austria-Hungary, should die—to-night—to-morrow—would Armitage—assuming that he is—"

"We will assume nothing of the kind!" ejaculated the ambassador sharply. "It is impossible." Then to Captain Claiborne: "You must pardon me if I do not explain further. I wish to find Armitage. It would not aid you if I told you why I must see and talk with him."

And as though to escape from the thing of which his friend hinted, Baron von Marhof took his departure at once.

Shirley met her brother on the veranda. His arrival had been unheralded and she was frankly astonished to see him.

"Well, Captain Claiborne, you are a man of mystery. You will undoubtedly be court-martialed for deserting—and after a long leave, too."

"I am on duty. Don't forget that you are the daughter of a diplomat."

"Humph! It doesn't follow, necessarily, that I should be stupid!"

"You couldn't be that, Shirley, dear."

"Thank you, captain."

They discussed family matters for a few minutes; then she said, with elaborate irrelevance:

"Well, we must hope that your appearance will cause no battles to be fought in our garden. There was enough fighting about here in old times."

"Take heart, little sister, I shall protect you. Oh, it's rather decent of Armitage to have kept away from you, Shirley, after all that fuss about the bogus baron."

"Which he wasn't—"

"Well, Sanderson says he couldn't have been, and the rogue's gallery pictures don't resemble our friend at all."

"Ugh; don't speak of it!" and Shirley shrugged her shoulders. She suffered her eyes to climb the slopes of the far hills. Then she looked steadily at her brother and laughed.

"What do you and father and Baron von Marhof want with Mr. John Armitage?" she asked.

"Guess again!" exclaimed Dick hurriedly. "Has that been the undercurrent of your conversation? As I may have said before in this connection, you disappoint me. But, Shirley—"

He paused, grew very serious, and bent forward in his wicker chair.

"Have you seen John Armitage since I saw him?"

"Impertinent! How dare you?"

"But, Shirley, the question is fair!"

"Is it, Richard?"

"And I want you to answer me."

"That's different."

He rose and took several steps toward her. She stood against the railing with her hands behind her back.

"Shirley, you are the finest girl in the world, but you wouldn't do *this*—"

"This what, Dick?"

"You know what I mean. I ask you again—have you or have you not seen Armitage since you came to the Springs?"

He spoke impatiently, his eyes upon

hers. A wave of color swept her face, and then she was her usual good-natured self.

"Baron von Marhof is a charming old gentleman, isn't he?"

"He's a regular old brick," declared Dick, solemnly.

"It's a great privilege for a young man like you to know him, Dick, and to have private talks with him and the governor—about subjects of deep importance. The governor is a good deal of a man himself."

"I am proud to be his son," said Dick, meeting Shirley's eyes unflinchingly.

Shirley was silent for a moment, while Dick whistled a few bars from the latest waltz.

"A captain—a mere captain of the line—is not often plucked out of his post when in good health and standing—after a long leave for foreign travel—and sent away to visit his parents—and help entertain a distinguished ambassador."

"Thanks for the mere captain, dearest. You needn't rub it in."

"I wouldn't. But you are fair game—for your sister only! And you're better known than you were before that little supper for the Spanish *attaché*. It rather directed attention to you, didn't it, Dick?"

Dick colored.

"It certainly did."

"And if you should meet Mr. Chauvenet, who caused the trouble—"

"I have every intention of meeting him!"

"Oh!"

"Of course, I shall meet him—some-time, somewhere. He's at the Springs, isn't he?"

"Am I a hotel register that I should know? I haven't seen him for several days."

"What I should like to see," said Dick, "is a meeting between Armitage and Chauvenet. That would really be entertaining. No doubt Chauvenet could whip your mysterious suitor."

"Dear Dick, I am quite sure that if you have been chosen out of all the United States army to find Mr. John Armitage, you will succeed without any help from me."

"That doesn't answer my question. You don't know what you are doing. What if father knew that you were seeing this adventurer—"

"Oh, of course, if you should tell father! I haven't said that I had seen Mr. Armitage; and you haven't exactly told me that you have a warrant for his arrest; so we are quits, captain. You had better look in at the hotel dance to-night. There are girls there and to spare."

"When I find Mr. Armitage—"

"You seem hopeful, captain. He may be on the high seas."

"I shall find him there—or here!"

"Good luck to you, captain!"

There was the least flash of antagonism in the glance that passed between them, and Claiborne clapped his hands together impatiently and went into the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



MOTOR MATRIMONY

By Ellis Parker Butler

AUTHOR OF "PIGS IS PIGS," ETC.

I TOLD Ferguson, in the first place, that he was foolish to buy a second-hand auto. I try never to intrude advice where it is likely not to be well received, but when it comes to buying an auto I feel that I am entitled to give the results of experience. Not that I have ever had any experience in buying autos, but other people have had, and in the long run that amounts to the same thing, I think. I explained to Ferguson that a man never wants to sell a second-hand auto that he has grown to love unless there is something the matter with it, and that half the fun of motoring is in taking a brand-new auto and getting it all banged up and full of complicated disorders that no one but an expert can understand, and then selling it to some one that does not know the first thing about the illnesses of an automobile. I told him about Murphy, who worked with his motor car until he got it so beautifully out of shape that even an expert could not guess what was the matter with it. Nobody but Murphy himself could mend that machine so that it would go at all. It was all in the way it was mended. There was something or other that Murphy broke in such a way that it could not be made to jiggle right unless it was mended with number sixty cotton thread. It could be mended with wire so that it looked all right, but it would not work, and it could be mended with linen fish twine so that it pleased the eye, but it would not jiggle, and nothing would mend it so that it would carry on its functions but number sixty cotton thread. Number seventy cotton would not do it; nothing but number sixty. It was as particular about the size of thread used as a swell dressmaker. And the only

trouble was that the thread was so liable to break. It was always breaking. So Murphy saw that the machine was in the right shape to sell, and he sold it. It was years and years before the new owner happened on the secret, and he never got any real pleasure out of the machine because Murphy had already got the motor into such bad shape that anything the new owner could do to it was only an improvement.

I told Ferguson all this, but he would not take my advice. He went and bought a second-hand car, and a second-hand Viborg-Potzommer at that—the very car I had warned and warned him not to buy. His only excuse was that Dolly—that was the girl he was courting—was like a lot of these women who want a horse in the family; they are crazy to have a horse, but afraid as death of a colt, and won't have anything but an old, tame nag that will only wink its ears when they slap the reins on its back. Dolly was afraid of automobiles, but wild to have Ferguson have one, and she thought he had better buy one that was old and broken to the road and that had learned not to be afraid of the cars and that would stand without tying. The one that Ferguson bought would stand without tying. Standing was its strongest point. It would stand anywhere. Sometimes it would not do anything but stand for days and days at a time. And yet it was a beautiful color.

The reason I advised Ferguson against the Viborg-Potzommer was that it was an Austrian car, and you know how the political situation is in Austria just now—half the people wanting the Czech language and half wanting the German language to be the official tongue. And with

Viborg a Czech and Potzcommer a German it was only natural that the book of directions about the motor car should be printed half in one language and half in the other, to keep peace in the firm; and as neither Ferguson nor Dolly knew either German nor Czech, I didn't see how they would get any fun out of motoring, for everybody knows that beginners spend half to three-quarters of their time reading the direction books. You can read sonnets and theosophy in a foreign lan-

way just because Dolly asked for that kind of a second-hand machine, and he did.

It was not my fault that he wanted to marry Dolly. I told him it was a mistake to want a girl like Dolly, who was all romance and pretty. I told him out of my experience that he was making a mistake, and mentioned a number of my friends who had married unromantic and homely girls and who had been perfectly happy, and that I did not know one who



FERGUSON AND DOLLY HAD THE MACHINE TO POTTER OVER, WHILE THE ELOPEMENT WAS HELD UP

guage with the aid of a dictionary, but not motor talk, because all the words are too new to be in the English-German and Czech-English dictionaries. And it was confusing, too, because in some places in the Viborg-Potzcommer book a thing would be called something like a "czgkehkg" in the soft Hungarian and the next time it was mentioned it would be put down as something like a "doppel-unter-mitzenphlugger" in the flowing German. But Ferguson would have his

had married as pretty a girl as Dolly, and that was true, but he only said that it was because there was not another such pretty girl for them to marry, and that for his part he was glad she was pretty, and that if she wanted to elope in an automobile it only showed that she was just the kind of girl that Kipling would like, for she could see the romance in modern things. I couldn't see what Kipling had to do with it, and I told Ferguson so, but he only said he didn't

see what I had to do with it either, which I consider an unkind and uncalled-for remark, for I have always advised Ferguson liberally and to the best of my ability.

So Ferguson bought that old Viborg-Potzcommer car that you could hear an hour before it came into sight and an hour after it went out of sight, and he and Dolly began their dress rehearsals of the elopement. That was what I called them. They called it "taking a little spin on the road," but it was like one of these mechanical dramas where the machinery is more important than the actors, and where the machinery has to be rehearsed and rehearsed before the opening night in order to be sure that at the last moment everything will go off all right. Ferguson and Dolly were rehearsing that old Viborg-Potzcommer car, but up to the day they first set for the elopement they had not got it so that it would go far enough to be called a decent eloping distance. You can't call an elopement that only goes out of sight around the first corner and then breaks down an absolutely successful elopement. So the elopement had to be postponed once or twice until Ferguson learned all the different things that were the matter with that second-hand car. He told me, before the elopement actually occurred, that he wished he had taken my advice and bought a new car. It was hard to have his bliss postponed because of things that some man with whom he had only the slightest speaking acquaintance had done to the car when he was inexperienced enough himself to have done them all himself, and then he would have known what they were and how to go at them.

It must have been annoying to Dolly and Ferguson, but it was nothing like as annoying to them as it was to Dolly's father and me. Ferguson and Dolly had the machine to potter over while the elopement was held up, but her father and I had nothing at all to do but sit around and talk and smoke and wait until Dolly

and Ferguson got that old Viborg-Potzcommer mended.

I wouldn't have you think, just because I said Dolly was romantic, that she was one of those thoughtless young fly-abouts that would do heedless things and make other people suffer while they only think of their own pleasure. She wasn't that way at all. She was the most thoughtful of girls. The very day that she told Ferguson that she must elope or there would be no marrying she went to her father and told him, too. That was just how considerate she was. She did not make the mistake of telling him that it was because she had a romantic disposition, for her father was a stolid old widower, and took no stock in romance; but she explained that by eloping she would save all the expense of a home wedding and the cost of a lot of fancy clothes that she could never wear again, and when she said that he saw that an elopement was not such a bad thing, and he gave his consent. He even went so far as to kiss her, a thing he seldom did; but when he found that his part of the elopement would be to drive furiously after the eloping couple, swearing vengeance on Ferguson, he almost refused to take part in it. Because he had never had any practice at swearing vengeance, and had never driven furiously in his life, and he hated to begin at that late day. It was not as if he could drive furiously with a horse that he had been used to driving every day. He would not have minded that so much, but he had no horse, and to take a horse out of the livery stable, a horse that perhaps he had never seen before, and drive furiously, was more than he liked. For all he knew he might overtake the elopers, and the horse might be afraid of automobiles, and might shy off the road, or rear up and do some serious damage. But Dolly told him that there was not a livery horse in town that would do anything of that kind. She explained that if he got the *best* horse in the livery stables it would be hard to drive it furi-

ously enough to carry out the idea properly, and so her father agreed, and hired a horse that very day, so that he could get used to holding the reins, for it had been years since he had driven a horse.

If you knew Ferguson as well as I do you would know that he is not the kind of man that would take an undue advantage of another man; not even of a father-in-law. He thought the matter over and decided that eloping with Dolly *would* be taking an advantage of her father, and so he went to him like a man and told him that he loved his daughter and that he intended to marry her, and then, when he saw that this did not stagger her father, he opened his heart and told him that they intended to elope. He admitted that it was cruel to wrest an old man's only daughter away from him in that hasty way, but he took all the blame on himself, and told Dolly's father that it was because he hated formal affairs. He explained that it was not to come off for several weeks, because he had not got the old Viborg-Potzommer in good running order yet, but that if everything went all right the elopement would happen the ninth of June. Then the two men shook hands, and Ferguson came away.

That old Viborg-Potzommer *wouldn't* work right, in spite of everything that Ferguson did to it. Sometimes it would go for a while as nicely as you please, and sometimes it wouldn't, and the more things Ferguson did to it the worse it worked, and so at last he came to me and told me I would have to elope with them, so that if the machine happened to stop working during the elopement I could hold the something or other while he did something or other to it and got the machine in running order again. He explained that when he once began eloping it would be too late to stop for extensive repairs, because Dolly's father would as like as not be right after them, and if he overtook them he would be likely to shoot. It looked to me like an invitation to come along and be shot at, but I could not re-

fuse Ferguson anything, and so I agreed to be in the elopement. Dolly was lovely to me about it, and said that she hadn't expected me ever to do anything so nice.

It was the first time I had ever been invited to be machinist to an elopement and I was rather proud of it, and I was full of the thought of it as I left the house after Ferguson had told me I was to be in it, and I was rather guiltily surprised when I ran plump into Dolly's father just around the corner. I was filled with an instant sense that I was contemplating doing the old gentleman an injury, and my conscience was just on the point of making me own up and tell him all the plot, when he took me by the top button of my coat and led me to one side of the walk.

"Williams," he said in a low tone, "I want you to do me a favor."

"Mr. Dodds," I said, "I was just on the point of doing you one."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Do you know how to drive a horse? Do you know how to drive a horse furiously?"

I told him that it had always been my custom to drive a horse gently, for I thought the horse was a good friend to man, and should be treated as such.

"Then you will not do," he said with evident disappointment. "I need some one who can drive furiously. I have rented a horse from the liveryman, and I have been trying for several days to drive it furiously, and I can't do it. I admit I am only an amateur. I think I do not know how to get a furious drive out of a livery horse. You could do me a great service if you could drive furiously, but if you can't, I shall have to get some other friend to do it."

I saw at once where my duty lay. Somehow Mr. Dodds had got wind of the coming elopement and I had a chance to square myself with my conscience and perhaps save a couple of lives. I put a question to make sure.

"Mr. Dodds," I said, "perhaps I will do. I can not drive a horse as furiously

as the lightning express"—here I watched his face closely and saw that my next words brought a happier look to it—"but I dare say I can drive it as furiously as—as a second-hand Viborg-Potzcommer. I can not agree to drive a livery horse furiously, but I can drive it near-furiously. I am willing to try. But I am pretty much engaged just now. In fact the only date I have open is the ninth of June. Will that date do?"

He grasped my hand with an iron grip and wrung it warmly. I knew then that I was right in my conjecture that he had

back for Mr. Dodds that sleep came to my eyes.

As the fatal day approached Ferguson and Mr. Dodds became more and more nervous. I may say they went all to pieces, and at length they came to me separately and each placed his end of the elopement entirely in my hands. They each took me aside, one at a time, and patted me on the back, and told me what great executive ability I had, and told me that *they* gave it up—that *they* were too nervous to do the thing justice—and that they looked to me to see that nothing was left undone. A man never had a more trying thing to do than to look after both ends of an elopement. Even Dolly came to me and had to have me stand on the lid of her trunk so that she could get it closed.

The elopement was to be at midnight, and Ferguson told me that he looked to me to see that Mr. Dodds was inveigled from the house long enough to give the elopers a chance to get a fair start. That meant that I had to get Mr. Dodds a great distance from the house, for the Viborg-Potzcommer made a noise like a saw-and-planing mill, and if Mr. Dodds was within three miles of the house he would be sure to hear it; and know it, too, for no other motor in the state made

such a noise. I said to leave it to me. I arranged it by telling Mr. Dodds to go to the livery stable and wait for me there. I said it would be best for me to hide at the house and see if the elopement took place and then come and get him if it did. He was very grateful.

When I had *him* out of the way I carried down Dolly's trunk and strapped it behind the automobile, and helped her to climb over it, for the Viborg-Potzcommer was one of the open-at-the-back machines, and then I cranked it up, and got in and we were off. We sped away into the night as silently as a band saw chewing up a



Magnum Boston C.C.

DOLLY HAD TO HAVE ME STAND ON THE LID SO THAT SHE COULD GET IT CLOSED

got wind of the elopement, and as soon as he had sworn me to secrecy he told me all about it, and I agreed to accompany him in the buggy when he chased the terror-stricken fugitives. It was not until I reached home that I happened to think of the embarrassing position in which I had placed myself. I was booked to run with the hare and to course with the hounds. I had promised to elope with Ferguson and to follow the elopement with Mr. Dodds. I hardly slept that night. It was not until I had the inspiration that I could start with the elopers and then quietly drop overboard and go

cant-hook. We made a noise like a trolley car going up a steep grade with two flat wheels, or a corn-sheller trying to strip the blades off a lawn mower. As we were speeding away at about four miles an hour Ferguson asked me why I had cluttered up the tonneau by cramming my bicycle into it, but I explained that it might come handy if we happened to run out of gasoline. I said I could take the bicycle and go to the nearest place where there was gasoline and get some, and that satisfied him. Dolly said it was a bit of thoughtfulness she had not expected me to be equal to. And just then we *did* run out of gasoline, and we had not come quite ten miles. I told Ferguson he was silly to start on an elopement without seeing that his tank was full, and he said he had looked to me to see that all such things were attended to. I would not have any words with him, but took the oil can I had thoughtfully provided, and got on my wheel and went for some.

I found Mr. Dodds calm but impatient. I told him to get into the buggy, and I put the oil can in—I had not been so foolish as to have an *empty* oil can—and then I jumped in and whipped up. The horse was not a furious horse. No doubt he was an intelligent animal. At least he was a thoughtful one; you could see that by the way he held his head down as if meditating. When I applied the whip to him he wagged his tail, and that showed that he was a good-natured horse and not of an over-sensitive disposition; but he was not a furious horse. He was the kind of horse that nothing on earth could drive any fury into. So we jogged along, and Mr. Dodds lit a cigar and leaned back and folded his arms. I was sorry for him, for it was an unearthly hour for a man of his age to be up at, but presently I felt better, for he fell asleep, and I let the horse creep along as quietly as I could. When we were about up to the stalled Viborg-Potzcommer I drew the rig up at one side of the road and got out

and took my bicycle from the back of the buggy, and my oil can, and rode about a hundred feet furiously.

Ferguson was just about to upbraid me for having been so slow, but I explained that it is not an easy matter to get a can of gasoline at midnight, and that shut him up, and then I told him that I believed we were pursued, for I had passed a man in a buggy and that the man was driving furiously, and that



"— STRAPPED IT BEHIND THE AUTOMOBILE AND HELPED HER TO CLIMB OVER IT"

pleased Dolly, and we started again in a good humor.

I suppose the racket the machine made when it started must have wakened Mr. Dodds. I knew it must, and I wondered what he would think of me if he awakened and found himself all alone on the road; so I made Ferguson stop the machine, and listened, and told him I was sure I heard a horse galloping and that he had better drive ahead full speed while I took my wheel and ran back to see if I couldn't throw the pursuers off the track. I did not wait for an answer, but went.

Mr. Dodds was almost angry, but I told him I had driven furiously and yet not recklessly, until I had heard an automobile ahead of us evidently stalled in the road, and that I had taken my wheel and run on ahead to make sure. I said that it was really the Viborg-Potzcommer, and that now we must whip up and drive as furiously as we could, for we knew we were on the right track. That satisfied him, and I hoisted my wheel aboard and whipped up.

I could hear the Viborg-Potzcommer grinding away like a water-mill ahead of us, and by all the symptoms in the sound I knew it was losing speed, as it had a habit of doing. I whipped the horse and it wagged its tail and wandered on up the road. I held it in as well as I could with the reins, but the cool night air was having an effect on it and it wanted to go faster. And the faster the horse wanted to go the slower the Viborg-Potzcommer seemed to be going. I feared every minute that we would overtake the car, and I didn't know what Ferguson *would* say if he saw me driving up with Dolly's father beside me. He would never have faith in me again as an assistant eloper. So I reined in the horse, and *reined* it in, but still it kept gaining on the automobile. I got the horse down to a walk, and then the automobile got down to a creep. The horse could not go any slower, so I took to driving it zigzag across the road to give the automobile a better chance to keep in the lead, and then the automobile stopped. I never did see such an automobile.

I was in a pretty tight fix. I knew it might take Ferguson hours to get that old car to running again, and I couldn't pull up the horse and stop and wait until Ferguson got his repairs completed. I did not know what Mr. Dodds would think if I did that, but I could guess. There was only one thing to do, and I did it. I shouted to Mr. Dodds to look out, that the horse smelled an auto, and was going

to bolt, and then I shouted, "*Whoa there! Whoa there, will you!*" and laid on with the whip heartily, as some drivers do to soothe a horse when it is frightened, and gave it the reins. I guess the horse was surprised. It hesitated a moment and then it jumped. It came as near going furiously as it ever did in its life, and we sailed down the road and past that Viborg-Potzcommer and on into the darkness, and I kept soothing the horse with the whip until we were beyond hearing distance, and then pulled up to a walk again.

"That was a narrow escape!" I said. "That was a very narrow escape!"

"Escape?" said Mr. Dodds. "I don't know what you mean. Were we in danger?"

"Danger?" I exclaimed, for I saw I had nearly put my foot in it by my words; "I should say so! Do you think I would have let this beast carry us by that automobile if I had not seen danger? Why, it was certain death, if we had not come by at full speed. Didn't you see that that was Ferguson and Dolly? And didn't you see that he had a pistol in his hand? Didn't you hear him shoot, and hear the bullet whistle by our heads?"

Mr. Dodds looked at me blankly.

"Did we?" he asked. "Did we hear that?"

"Certainly we did," I assured him. "I heard it, and you heard it. There is no doubt about it. I tell you Ferguson is a dangerous man. I did not mind the bullets on my own account, but I did not want to let him murder you. Think how he would feel if he had to go through life with the death of his father-in-law on his conscience. He would never forgive himself if he killed you in the heat of the moment."

"Neither would I," said Mr. Dodds simply but firmly.

"The thought does you credit," I said, "but what we have got to do now is to circumvent Ferguson. We could wait

here until he runs the machine up here, and then spring out at him—"

"That," said Mr. Dodds, "would not do at all. We might have to wait for a week. It is hardly probable that he will get the automobile going before morning, at the earliest."

"Very well," I said. "Then I have but one other thing to propose. I shall drive this rig to one side of the road, and then I shall take a club, and mount my wheel, and ride back and attack Ferguson single-handed and kill him. I am not afraid. I can creep upon him unawares, because he will be down on his back under the car."

I said this because I knew that Ferguson would be wondering where I was, and that if I did not get back presently to help him fix the car he would be very angry with me. I had to get away from Mr. Dodds some way. But I did not expect my proposition would have the result that it did have.

Mr. Dodds coughed gently, and hesitated a moment, and then he told me that Ferguson knew that he was not being sincerely pursued. He told me that he had no objection to Ferguson, and that he was only pursuing the elopers because Dolly was a silly little romantic girl, and that it was a put-up job between Ferguson and him. He said that, and it relieved my mind greatly. It made it all clear to me. I saw, or I thought I saw, that it was all to hoodwink Dolly into believing that we were all in earnest. I simply told Mr. Dodds to wait where he was, and I got out my wheel and went back to Ferguson.

When I got back to the Viborg-Potzcommer Ferguson was just crawling out from under it, and he was in a testy mood. A man who has to stop right in the middle of an elopement to mend an automobile has a good right to be testy, but I did not think he had a right to speak to me the way he did.

"Where in the dickens have you been all this time?" he asked. "Here am I

sweating and moiling under this machine, and getting all smutty and dusty, and you go off riding on your bicycle as if you had nothing else in the world to do."

I had half a mind to tell him that he was unreasonable—that it was as much his elopement as it was mine—but I decided that it would not be the right thing to introduce discord into an elopement that was going so smoothly, so I merely said that I had gone back to see who was following us, and that I had returned as soon as I could.

"That is funny," said Dolly, "for you returned from the opposite direction."

"Of course," I said promptly. "I did that because I was riding with your father. I was with him when he went by."

They looked at me stupidly. I could see that by the light of the lamp that Ferguson had removed to work by.

"I had to do it," I said. "He came upon me unexpectedly and forced me into the buggy at the point of his pistol. And it was lucky he did. If I had not been in the buggy his shot would have killed you, Ferguson. Just as he aimed at you I seized the whip and struck the horse, and the shot went wild as the horse jumped."

They looked at each other perplexed. Then Ferguson took me by the coat sleeve and led me to one side. He explained to me fully and freely that Mr. Dodds had not shot. He said that Mr. Dodds was aware that Ferguson and Dolly meant to elope and had given Ferguson his consent. He said it was all to please Dolly. I said that if that was so, the thing to do was to get to work on the Viborg-Potzcommer at once, because I had left Mr. Dodds in the buggy and he was an old man and not used to the night air and if he sat too long he might take his death of cold. So we went to work, and the more we worked the less the Viborg-Potzcommer offered to run. Ferguson began to get nervous. Dolly began to get sleepy.

"Well," I said after an hour or so, "it

is evident that this car is not going to run any more to-night, and there is one of two things to do. We must either postpone this elopement, or I must skirmish up the road and see if I can get a horse in some farmhouse."

Dolly would not think of giving up the elopement. I said I would get a horse. I started up the road, and the farther I went the less I liked the idea of routing a cross farmer out of his bed. I went on until I came to where Mr. Dodds was sitting in his buggy, and I boldly proposed that he should go back and pull the Viborg-Potzommer. At first he demurred. He said it would not look right; that he had come out to chase the elopement, and not to pull it; but I said that it was that or nothing. If he would not lend his horse I would throw up the whole thing and go home, and then the elopement would be postponed and he would have to do it all over some other night. That settled it.

I drove back, and I had Mr. Dodds so nicely covered with the lap-robe that he was hardly noticeable at all. Dolly remarked, as I was turning the buggy and backing it up to the Viborg-Potzommer, that it had not taken me very long to rout a farmer out of bed and get his horse and buggy; but I said nothing. I was in no mood to bandy words over a little thing like that. I tied the automobile to the buggy, and got into the buggy and whipped up.

We did not move very rapidly. Every few minutes Dolly would say, "I wonder where father is," or Ferguson would remark, "I hope we do not find that your father has gone ahead of us and forbidden the wedding," or some such thing, and from time to time they asked me to please hurry the horse a little—that this was no gait for an elopement to travel, and that the next time they eloped they would know better than to bring me along as assistant. I would not have minded that, but it did make me mad to have Mr. Dodds keep up a steady round of com-

plaints in a low voice. It was not my fault that the lap-robe he had over his head was full of dust nor that it smelled of the livery stable. I resolved that I would never engineer another elopement as long as I lived, unless there was a licensed chauffeur in it, and the car had been overhauled at a good garage. And all the time I kept trying to think what I would do with Mr. Dodds when we reached the minister's. I feared it was going to be awkward. I couldn't seem to arrange in my mind just how I was going to engineer the two ends of that elopement at the finish. I would have to go into the house with Dolly and Ferguson, because I was with them, and I would have to stay with Mr. Dodds, because I was with him. And at the same time that I was arriving with Dolly and Ferguson, I would have to be some miles up the road pursuing them furiously, so as to arrive just after the ceremony was performed. And at the same time I would have to be getting Mr. Dodds away from the minister's door.

We stopped on the brow of the last hill to let the horse get a breath, and while we were waiting Ferguson got out and came up to me.

"I am sorry you can't witness the ceremony," he said, "but since you say you can't I suppose it is no use to urge you. It is too bad that the farmer needs this horse to bring his milk to the station in time to catch the early train. I hate to have you drive back with it the moment you reach the minister's door, but since you insist I shall not attempt to persuade you."

Just then Mr. Dodds sneezed, but Ferguson did not pay the sneeze any attention.

"I hope Dolly's father will not arrive for half an hour," he said meaningly. "If we can only have half an hour the deed will be done before he arrives."

"I am sure he will not," I said, and I meant it.

I went back to the automobile and told

Dolly how sorry I was that I could not stay to the ceremony, and why I could not. Then we went on, and I drew up before the minister's door, and unhitched the automobile, and drove away. I drove up the road half a mile and waited. Mr. Dodds was yawning. The first dawn-light was showing in the east. I timed the half-hour on my watch and then whipped up my furious horse and we started to the rescue. Mr. Dodds involuntarily straightened up in the buggy seat. I was filled with joy to think that my work was so near over.

the world to do a thing rightly, and here you come riding up in the very buggy that Dolly's father is in. You don't appreciate kindness. What you need is a buggy whip. Why didn't you get out and let Mr. Dodds come driving up alone? The way you do things any one can see it is a put-up job. You make me tired."

"I am sure he meant no offense," said Dolly to Ferguson, "but it was stupid of him. I never saw an elopement so poorly managed in my life."

Even Mr. Dodds had to say something cutting.



THERE WAS DOLLY ASLEEP IN THE BACK SEAT, AND FERGUSON ASLEEP IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

We arrived at the minister's furiously enough for any ordinary purpose and there were Dolly and Ferguson—Dolly asleep in a back seat of the Viborg-Potzommer, and Ferguson asleep in the driver's seat, and as we drove up they sat up and both of them looked at me disgustedly.

"Well, of all the born idiots—" said Ferguson unkindly.

"If I had no more brains than that—" said Dolly as unkindly as she ever managed to say anything.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Haven't I done my level best?"

"Your best?" said Ferguson with disgust. "That just shows how much I can trust you. I give you every chance in

"I am disappointed in his executive ability," he put in, "and he told me he could drive furiously—"

That was a little too much. I interrupted him.

"Oh, well!" I said cheerfully. "All's well that ends well.' What does it matter now that you are married? That is the main thing."

"Married!" exclaimed Dolly and Ferguson together. "Married? What made you think we were married? We are no more married than you are. This minister is out of town and will not be back for three weeks."

"Let me tell you one thing, then," said Mr. Dodds to me. "I shall not take part in any more of your foolish elopements.

I am done with them. I absolutely refuse to do it again, Mr. Williams."

"Yes," said Dolly, "if you want any more elopements you will have to do them yourself. I am sick of them. You need not try to persuade me to elope again, for I shall not do it."

"Williams," said Ferguson, "I took your advice this time. I eloped, and you see how it has turned out. If you want

any more of it you will have to hire some one, for I shall not take part in any more of your fiascos."

And then what do you think he said? He settled himself for another nap.

"The best thing *you* can do," he said, "is to crawl under this car and see what is the matter with it. And hurry up, for, by the time you get it mended, it will be time to start home for breakfast."

LOVE'S LAST HOUR

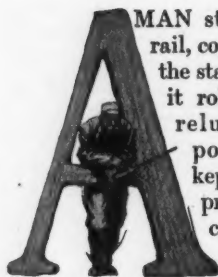
By Maurice Smiley

IF ever this great loving is to die,
 Oh, may it never linger in the throes
 Of pain. I have not strength to see it close
 Its waiting-weary eyes and hear it sigh
 For peace to come and wonder when the sky
 Shall ope its arms of welcome and repose.
 But, bitterest pang that dying ever knows,
 I could not bear to see your pity try
 To spare me long as may be and to seek
 To show me Love can rise and walk its way
 As in the old strong days and never fall;
 Then wipe the tears of weakness from its cheek
 And turning toward the twilight wait the gray
 Cold shadows heralding the end of all.

But let the last hour be the bravest, dear.
 I pray the end, if it must come, shall see
 Love, like a banqueter, die glitteringly—
 The flush of Life at floodtide; not a tear
 Upon its face; within its eyes no fear
 Or faltering; in its heart the lealty
 That uncomplains because it was to be;
 On brave untrembling lips a song of cheer;
 Upon its brow the feast's unwithered wealth
 Of bloom, not falling petals; in its hands
 A brimming cup, not lees. Thus for a while
 We'll drain with clinging lips one last long health
 To Yesterday; and soul to soul we'll stand
 A space—then front the Silence with a smile!

1000 MILES IN 1000 MINUTES

By Montrose J. Moses



MAN stood balanced on a rail, coaxing an engine into the station; down the track it rolled, coy, shy, almost reluctant, had not the power that moved it kept it going. As it approached the train of cars in its path, it hesitated; backing into position so slowly, one might imagine it was watching how near it could come to the forward truck without touching. Then there was a slight tremor along the line; the couplers barely kissed each other, as they fell into an embrace, and No. 3876 was ready for the run.

It rested pathetically patient in its energy; in length, sixty-two feet of iron and steel bearing heavily on the rails. Steam sputtered from countless valves; a white mist curled from the stack, fifteen feet above the bed; the whole engine quivered in its anxiety to be gone. Yet in its power, it was powerless to release the throttle, which, once thrown back, would send it rushing to the open road.

The engineer jumped down from his seat and, with his oil-can, squeezed in between two spokes of the driving wheel; his hands moved intelligently here and there, while his quick eye "looked her over" for the last time. Then he exchanged a few words with the fireman. "You watch out for the Stranger, Johnnie," he said;—and the three got into the cab together.

The hour hand crept round to the time of departure. A row of porters stood by the polished rails, and down the long platform hurried a stream of eager passengers. "All aboard," came the call of the conductor. As the gates were sliding to, a man pushed by, and sprinted frantically

to car five; only a few minutes before he had closed his roll-top desk; he was a New York broker, due in Chicago in time for the opening of the market on the next day. He had calculated to the second by his watch, for which he had paid a fabulous price, and it was cheap at that, for he was on time!

From where he sat on the fireman's box in the cab, the Stranger saw the incident. This eighteen-hour trip between two cities had been much advertised; a railroad company had guaranteed to take a man, after business hours one day, and land him a thousand miles away before business hours the next. There was no stipulation as to how it was to be done: the guarantee was safety—the fact was speed. For such and such a sum we will do such and such a thing—a business proposition, and a practical suggestion fraught with romance. This romance was what the Stranger was after.

The company guaranteed *him* nothing; for the privilege of riding in the cab he had signed away his life. A lawyer had hemmed him in, and no damages were to be claimed should an accident occur; in return for this, a pass was given him. He leaned out of the window; behind him, the fireman fixed his eye upon the conductor; Sherwood, the engineer, whose kindly face and silver hair betokened peace, rather than courted danger, sat opposite, his hand upon the throttle.

"One, two, three, let her go," yelled the fireman, as the clock hand touched the minute. "Ah!" came from thousands of little crevices, as the driving wheel began to turn, while jets of steam escaped, and the engine moved along at last. But not alone; a string of cars came after.

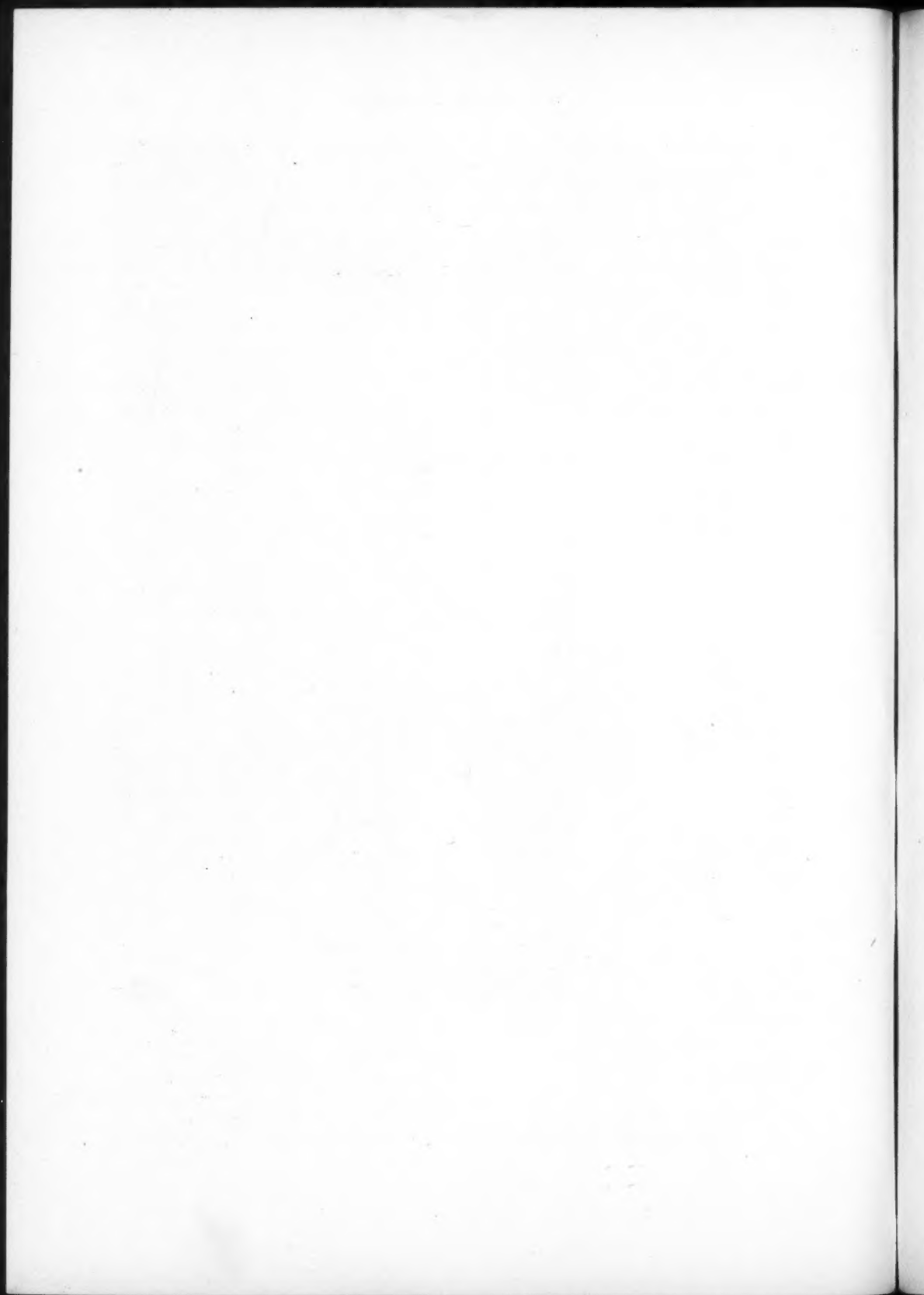
"We will make you comfortable," said the company to the business man; "we will



Drawing by George Brehm

Copyright, 1907, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

A PURPLE GLOW BEGAN TO SPREAD OUT—THAT PURPLE WHICH DEEPENS INTO NIGHT



furnish you with a compartment or a section to sleep in; we will give you a buffet to smoke or to drink in; and an observation car to read in. Here are the latest novels and magazines; here is writing paper, and since business is business, you may have a stenographer to do your letters." That is why the engine drew after it such a long train of cars. "Good," assented the business man, who, when he is resting, likes his ease, "but it's eighteen hours, you say?"

"We shall see," came the reply, and that's the reason the Stranger was in the cab: he wanted to see.

On, on, the train picked its way through a network of tracks, not moving gingerly but surely; not instinctively but mechanically; it dodged between engines gliding back and forth; it met engines standing still; it paid no attention to flag or signal; it went because it was made to go. Whither it went depended on guidance outside of itself. It did not feel; it did not think, yet there was no revolution of the driving-wheel but was regulated by human care and human thought. Out into the highway a monster of bolts and plates was sent—a man's hand upon the throttle, a man's eye along the track.

The twelve wheels of the locomotive settled firmly on the rails as they rolled along. A swaying motion indicated how it

covered ground—a waddle and a tremble, and a tremble and a waddle; there is no grace from the inside of a cab; there is ponderousness, power.



— THROUGH A NETWORK OF TRACKS

The tunnel sucked the train from daylight, and above the clatter of the wheels and the puffing of the steam came the regular interchange of "all right" between engineer and fireman as the signals clicked by in rapid succession. Nothing was to be seen except the white lamps; the smoke descended like a blanket around the windows, and inside a dim light flickered on the gauge that regulated the temperature throughout the cars. As yet there was no need to open the furnace doors. "We won't begin running," yelled the fireman, with his mouth close to the Stranger's ear, "until we are fifteen miles away." On, on, and out into the day again, with nose pointed in the direction of a drawbridge. The signal read danger; the draw was up and the brake rapidly came down; once more the engine stood puffing as though annoyed at the delay.

Sherwood watched the Stranger; the Stranger eyed Sherwood. Forty years an engineer—no wonder the white hair!—

but there was a placid face. Beneath the streaks of oil and coal dust was the expression of calm, a calm that rose when the train was running sixty-four miles an hour—rose to a stern, silent alertness that



Drawing by George Brehm

Copyright, 1907, The Bobbe-Merrill Company

NOW BEGAN THE FEEDING OF THE FURNACE

made the muscles tense and the jaw set. Sherwood's record was clear; still, one slip and forty years would be as though they were not.

When at last the throttle was opened, No. 3876 was ten minutes late; the road was ready now and speed was king! There was no necessity for slowing down; the blocks that marked off the safety distances along the track were cleared. But the engineer did not know this. He must watch as though danger were always ahead. The rule is that one block must remain free between two trains on the same track. Signals will warn if this is not the case; switches will be locked so that no train can possibly go beyond the red light, telling

the engineer a story he dare not mistrust.

From his seat the Stranger felt the engine gathering headway; the window in front of him gave him a sweep down the road, a perspective view of lines and curves; to his left, the open slide threw cold wind into his face, while his feet were baking against the surface of the boiler. Now began the feeding of the furnace, the regular swinging out of the doors, while shovels of hard coal disappeared; the red tongues of flames reached out and licked it as it fell. Feed, feed, feed, and speed, speed, speed, was the song as the rails slipped from under them, and miles melted away. The tracks appeared to flow; there was a whirring noise in the air; either the

vibration of wires or the swift currents of winds. The short neck of the stack belched forth smoke; in a man, such a neck, such agitation, would have meant apoplexy; here it meant speed.

The Stranger glanced out; there was a dull sky with a streak of sun in the horizon; the Hudson River changed with the changing temperature. Now there was ruffled water; later there was ice, with a line of workmen trudging across from shore to shore; so, too, sleighs traveled merrily along. Snow clung in patches to the hills, and a purple glow began to spread out and stain the earth—that purple which deepens into night.

In a cab, the faster you go the less you realize it; slowness surely becomes the index of speed. The Stranger felt the engine leap toward an object miles away; once upon it, and it was flung aside as though it had filled its purpose and was no longer needed in the race. On, on, never slackening, always going on, on. Now they turned a curve; the fireman leaned out; the engineer half-way stood up—which would see the signal first? “All right!” they yelled simultaneously, and on, on they went.

There is grace in watching from a distance a train turn a curve; but inside a cab, the engine jerks around in close angles of varying degrees. The telegraph poles click past—one, two, three—one, one, one. Only far before you everything seems quiet, though you and distance rush together and objects constantly change size.

A little opening in the hill—on, ever on!—and then the opening looms up and swallows the train in a natural tunnel. Swish! and a block signal tower is left far behind, every station sheltering a man on the alert, who has switches under his control, and who is in telegraphic communication all along the line.

Rushing upon a crossing, the whistle uttered a deafening shriek; with a bound and a leap the train clattered by; the flagman stood near the track, holding his hat

on with one hand, while his flag flapped and fluttered in the tempest of wind. The Stranger could see him wince and draw back before the sudden speed. On, on, and ever on!

All this while the fire needed constant coaling; water must be poured into the boiler; the blower must furnish the proper draught for the flame. A glance at the fireman was sufficient to show what work he had to do. Perspiration ran in black streaks down his flushed face; his cap was thrown far back on his head; his muscles played beneath the sleeves of his coat. First one door of the furnace would swing back, the long rake thrust far into the intense heat, while coals were settled into place. The boy's eyes were closed—his face half-way turned from the glare that burned him even then. Between times, with legs stretched apart, and swaying with the rapid movement, he rolled a cigarette, which he lighted with the engine torch; once he took a drink of water from a milk bottle, just saving himself from being dashed against the engineer—on, on, and on along the first stretch of the journey.

“Get up!” yelled the fireman, and when the Stranger rose from the box the lid was lifted and a bundle of papers taken out. Creeping close to the steps of the cab, the fireman grasped hold of the iron rail; he swung out, the wind tossing his hair which escaped in stray wisps from beneath his cap. He threw the papers across the track, and an old woman came from a shanty to pick them up. “I always fetch them to her whenever I pass,” he said, showing a deal of diffidence.

A freight train came into sight, first a puff of smoke, then the big outlines of the engine drawing nearer and nearer. Clitter, clatter—clitter, clatter! the Flyer shot past, blowing a deafening and prolonged blast from the whistle. Speed!—what mattered rain or sun athwart the track?—what mattered snow or yellow daffodils along the rail? Always speed, speed!

"Here comes Fourteen," called the fireman above the roar; he recognized it as we would a friend along the street; he waved to the men in the other cab. Then back to his interminable coaling. Sherwood glanced at his watch—every minute counted. What was that?—a green signal shone ahead, and it meant precaution. In came the throttle, down pulled the brakes, and when the red signal rushed into view the engine might have been stopped on the instant. But no need; the safety light immediately blazed away, and again "All right!" rung clear above the roar of the whistle.

The steel rails glistened down the road-bed in a sinuous curve of light; with an irresistible singing the train bounded forward. A little station lay nestled in the hills; on, on the engine leaped, into the town and through it, while suburban passengers on the platform gazed wonderingly, and horses reared and backed in their traces, frightened by the sudden coming of the iron monster. Then it was gone; far up the track it sped, its whistle echoing among the hills, a blue line of smoke making a trail behind it. On, on, and ever on!

Lights began to glimmer in the distance. "There's the end of our run!" yelled the fireman. "Three minutes ahead of time!" shouted the engineer. What joy in their voices! Pride in the conquest of speed, and a large defiance of distance! The Stranger caught the enthusiasm; his companion on the trip was making ready to take his place for the second run. No. 3876 was to rest and a new monster with a new crew was to take its place. Two minutes only for the change—then out into the night, with fires glowing red, with sparks sputtering from the stack, the train would move, carrying a dining car. The town became more and more distinct in its electric blaze. One hundred and forty-three miles without a pause; when the engine needed water, it scooped it up from a long tank sunk between the rails; not one stop, and, what was paramount—

on time! The business man remained unconcerned; he had confidence in the company; it was stipulated in his bond that he was to be carried in safety; the signals meant nothing to him; the continued flow of steel rails represented only a large deal with the corporation that made them. He knew he was protected, but how constantly he did not realize.

When the train drew into the station the Stranger jumped from the cab. "Don't forget to send me the article," called the engineer. "And when you remember the old man, remember me," exclaimed the fireman. The engine was uncoupled and another coaxed into its place. "Here I am," said the second Stranger, who drew pictures for a profession, and he climbed into the cab with his all-powerful pass.

"Let her go!" cried the new fireman, and a new hand pressed upon the throttle. It was dark now; nothing could be seen but the black figures of those in the cab, and two long ribbons of rail. The beautiful valley was swallowed in a blotch of night. Colored lamps glimmered down the road. On they rolled with the same strain, with the same coaling, with eyes riveted upon the darkness, and with the piercing shriek of the whistle. From New York to Chicago—a constant watch for the signal "All right ahead." At one curve the engineer gave a prolonged pull at the whistle. "His wife lives near here!" yelled the fireman, "and this is to let her know he's passing!" On, on, with a puff and a pull, and a tug and a swerve—speed, speed!

The business man, when he came from the dining car, where a meal had been served him with the perfection of one prepared at his own club in New York, sank into a large armchair, and lit a cigar; he was slow, languid in his movements, though he was being whizzed through space at over sixty miles an hour. He dimly remembered, as a boy, keeping time with the click of the railroad ties and the pant of steam. He found himself repeating some foolish rhyme that jingled



Drawing by George Brehm

Copyright, 1907, The Dime-Memo Company

HORSES REARED AND BACKED, FRIGHTENED BY THE SUDDEN COMING
OF THE IRON MONSTER

in time with the noises of the trucks beneath him, and then, smiling at his fancy, he took a letter from his pocket and fell to on a business proposition by figuring on the back of the envelope. The Pullman barely touched the tracks, it seemed. All was quiet, yet in the cab the wild rush and shriek continued.

The artist had scarcely time to rush back to his car before another engine was pulling the train on its way. Seven times these changes were made. The road between New York and Chicago is so divided, but always the same speed!

The two Strangers who were traveling together now sat down to compare notes. Their hands were stiff from holding on, their faces shone red with the frantic rubbing of the towel to get the soot from off them. Black was ingrained between the pores of the skin and the crevices of the face; eyes were bloodshot, and a roaring sound continued in their ears. They attacked their dinners as though they had fasted the entire day; speed is a great tonic to the flagging taste. And after dinner the two went to the platform of the observation car, and stood there as the miles sped with the minutes.

Darkness, darkness everywhere, and then a signal. Zip! and it flowed along the track until a tiny red spot faded far up the level. Lights on the

rear end of a freight train disappeared in the same manner. But the Flyer went onward, always onward.

Through the night into the dawn, through the dawn into the morning mist. Live sparks tapped against the sleeper windows, and a prolonged wail, half-muffled now, sounded from the throat of the whistle. "We are coming," it screamed, "Chicago, Chicago!"

The business man dressed and took his breakfast; he had had his suit pressed on the train; he had been shaved on the train; he was given the daily paper on the train. He could have asked nothing more at home. He looked at his watch—eight twenty-five.

The train was threading its way through a network of tracks again—all regulated by the alertness of man. But the engine heeded not; it was made to go, and, being thus made, man must guard himself against his own invention. The porter came and brushed the business man, brushed the Strangers, and in return made the gesture that always precedes a tip. Once more the engine rolled into a station; once more it stood panting—not tired, but restive to be gone again—always speed, speed!

And so eighteen hours had flown by, and space had become almost as naught before speed. Mail bags carried letters written in ink that had scarcely soaked into the paper. Two cen-



HE SANK INTO A LARGE ARMCHAIR

ters connected by a thread of steel. A level bed dug by the labor of man; every signal, every wire, every tunnel the work of man. The Western pioneer with his oxen—what would he think of it? Stevenson bending over his puffing teakettle—what would he think of it? Yet the business man looked upon it solely as a business proposition. Perhaps there was an elation over the fact that he had defied space. But as for the engineer? Why, he was paid for it! And the company? Why, they were paid for it! All he demanded was to be on time.

Chicago! He took his grip and rushed into the bustle of another city—along the streets to a sky-scraper, and into the ele-

vator just as the door was about to close. Then he was drawn to a dizzy height, and reached the point he had set out to reach. Here was his ultimate goal—the office of a Chicago broker; to get here he had taken the Flyer; to put him here the railroad company had guaranteed to make speed! and here he was! His watch marked a quarter of nine as he opened the door.

"Where's Mr. Forsythe?" he asked of a boy with a duster.

"Not down yet, sir," was the reply.

Then it was that the business man laughed; he suddenly realized how fast he had really traveled. After all, he had to wait, for he was ahead of time!



A SKYLARK AND WHAT CAME OF IT

By William H. Thomson

I WAS very much in love with Frances Bowling, and she was not at all in love with me. At Stanford, where I studied mining engineering and she took the course in art, we had been much together; but when, after patient years, you may venture to call a girl by her first name and still feel that you have not *arrived* anywhere, what are you going to do about it?

I had returned to the university the Christmas following my graduation, to consult with my old major professor and to see—Miss Bowling. She had gone to San Francisco for the holidays. Rather drearily I was putting in the days working over a report on "The Miocene Shales of the Santa Cruz Quadrangle," when cheer came in the following letter:

"DEAR ROBERT—Merry Christmas! I didn't mean to run off without seeing you, but Miss Lyman simply bore me away last Friday. She wants you to come up and stay over New Year's. This afternoon she has gone out to the Presidio to see her uncle, Captain Macklin, who is arranging a great lark for us to-morrow. They have a scout balloon at the Presidio now, and Captain Macklin has charge of it. We're all going up in it! Come up in the morning and join us, won't you? Good-by, 'Coz.'
FRANK.

P. S.—Father is coming to see me. He'll get to Los Angeles to-morrow, and I'll return to Stanford Friday to meet him. We can go down together if you can't stay. Good-by.
FRANK."

I accepted unhesitatingly:

"DEAR FRANK—I'll be up to-morrow. Willing to go to heaven or any place else with you always. Glad to meet your father on the way. Good-by till then. ROB."

When I reached the military post Frank was already seated in the car, bright and brave and beautiful, and I would not have stayed away from her side if I had known we should never come back. The last ropes except a single restraining pair were cast off. Corporal Trim stood giving some final directions to his assistants. The guy-ropes were drawn taut as a bow-string, and one of them gave out a low, humming note when I twanged my fingers over it.

Though on his way to the afternoon session of the court-martial, Captain Macklin stepped inside for a minute to see us off. I ran up the frail platform ladder alongside the car to seat myself beside Frank. Suddenly a shout below made me turn. A drunken fellow from the guard-house near by, one of Trim's former helpers, had trailed in behind the Captain and now made, with an open clasp-knife in his hand, unsteadily for the guy-ropes.

"Stop him, brain him," yelled the Captain, making for the fellow. Mrs. Lyman fell over Mary shrieking. Frank cried out, "Don't get in the car!" Trim left the other guy-rope and made for the ruffian. "Stand away!" he called. But nothing awed the drunken soldier. With tipsy glee he raised his shaking hand and slashed with his blade a second time across the parting strands of the rope. "Ish schlaunch it!" he cried.

The car gave a lurch and the other rope snapped asunder. My right hand on the wicker edge of the car, I felt the sudden rise of the great monster as it started upward. All I saw in that moment was Frank's white face looking up at me from the bottom of the car. With a desperate heave I threw my foot and ankle over the wicker, clinging to its edge with both hands as the car shot skyward. Then I

got my right arm over, and Frank's small hands clasped my wrist with a clutch that dug into the flesh. I tumbled down beside her in the bottom of the car.

A new shout of alarm came up from below. I mounted to my knees and looked over the edge of the car. Then I saw what had happened. Corporal Trim, when the ropes parted, had made a futile dive for the cast-off end. As the balloon rose he was caught in the gear of the parachute, swinging from the floor of the car. There he hung suspended among the ropes. We were now two or three hundred feet above the ground. I could see the faces of the Captain and Mrs. Lyman and Mary and Ed and the soldiers straining up at us, but, while the rapidly increasing gulf between us made me giddy and sick at heart, one thing cheered me. The long line of the one thousand-foot cable was paying out steadily from the windlass. And then the situation of Trim swinging among the jangle of ropes below us seemed so much more desperate than our own that I had thought for nothing else.

"Can you hang on?" I called.

"Yes," he yelled back undauntedly, "but perhaps the jerk—"

"The jerk?"

I could see from the whirl of the windlass far below that we were mounting swiftly. At the end of the thousand feet?

"Tie yourself in, can't you?" I called, but already I saw the cool-headed corporal had lifted himself higher and was passing the rope twice round his body and under his arms.

"That'll hold," he called cheerily, as he made fast in front.

I was rudely brought back to myself by my jaw being knocked violently against the wicker edge of the basket. Frank at my side gave a little scream, and a despairing cry came up from Corporal Trim below. "We're lost!" he said.

I looked over. The cable,—we had run out its full length and the blow I had felt must have come when the rope tautened. But,—God help us,—the cable had parted

from the windlass; it may have been loosened, probably by the maniac hand of the drunken helper earlier in the day; and now we were bound on a journey of which none could tell the end. A new cry of horror came faintly up to us from our friends below, and I did not wonder that Frank fell sobbing in my arms. Even Corporal Trim's nerve seemed gone.

"Hang on, old man," I called.

"I can't hang on much longer," he replied.

Leaning over, I saw that the jerk of the car had pulled his arms upward; the rope had nearly slipped through and over them; and Trim was now hanging by his hand-grips only.

"Can't you pull up?" I called.

"No," said the corporal through set teeth.

Then I made a discovery. A trap-door arrangement in the floor of the car opened upward a little to one side of its center, close beside the ringbolt which held the parachute below. The sight of my face at the opening seemed to give courage to the desperate man, for with a mighty effort he reached the trapeze attached to two ropes above him and managed to struggle into it.

"This feels like home!" he said, and Frank wept beside me.

How to get him into the car was the question. The heavy, oiled-silk, umbrella-like covering of the parachute hung down on all sides over the ropes, and I could not draw them in. I even tried pulling the whole parachute in through the man-hole, but I might as well have attempted single-handed to reef a ship's main-sail in a storm.

"Tie yourself to the trapeze," I called, "so you can't fall if you faint."

Trim obediently did so, and on we drifted up! By this time we must have been two thousand feet high. Though it seemed ages, it probably had not been ten minutes since I had clambered into the car. San Francisco lay like a map before us. There was little wind, and we rose

steadily upward. A random thought came to me. What if we should drift out to sea!

"Trim," I called, "where are we going to light?"

"How do I know?" came the somewhat peevish but common-sense reply. "We're not likely to light at all,—very soon,—as far as I can see."

Some insane spirit of deviltry prompted me to respond, "Well, we can see pretty far now, that's a fact."

We could. Luckily, we had no wind. Rising steadily upward, with almost no side motion, we now hung directly over Golden Gate Park. We might be a mile high, Trim told us. By watching bits of paper thrown from the car we could see that we were still moving slowly upward, but the first strong rush and bound from the dense atmosphere was over. Frank, during her anxiety about Corporal Trim's fate, had leaned out over the basket's rim watching below, but now turning her eyes from that great lake of air she had to hide her face on my shoulder. Doubtless, I, too, was on a greater strain than I knew, for when my attention was attracted by something inside of the car, it took a real effort of the will again to approach the edge and look down. By the compass we could tell that the balloon and its car slowly revolved as it rose, but to all appearance we hung motionless in the middle of heaven, like a bird poised at the summit of its flight.

"Trim," I called, "how long will this balloon stay inflated? It doesn't leak fast, does it?"

"No, damn it!" he said under his breath; then louder,—“it's one of the best balloons made.”

"May keep us up a week?"

"Just about."

"A week's a long time without a waffle," I said. It is strange what tricks one's mind will play in the crisis of fate. I never was really more serious in my life.

"You'll find water in the lockers there," said Trim, "and blankets, too, when you are cold. There isn't any food, though."

We did need blankets; and far worse than either he or I anticipated. Few of us realize how near above us an arctic night's desolation hovers as we sleep through the dark hours close to the bosom of warm mother earth. If you would really feel the bite and grip of the north pole, go up! Just a few miles, it's waiting for you there!

"Oh, Corporal Trim," said Frank, leaning out, so that I put both my arms about her, I suppose, to keep her from falling—"Corporal Trim."

I was glad she didn't seem to mind me.

"Yes, Miss Bowling," called up the honest soldier, taking off his hat. We laughed; we had to; even the punctilious corporal saw the incongruity of it and joined in our merriment without embarrassment.

"Never mind conventions," said Frank kindly. "Why, Bob here"—she turned on me with a laugh and a blush—then lower, "Don't, Bob, I won't fall out."

"I know you won't. I'll see that you don't," said I, keeping fast hold of her.

"What is it, Miss Bowling?"

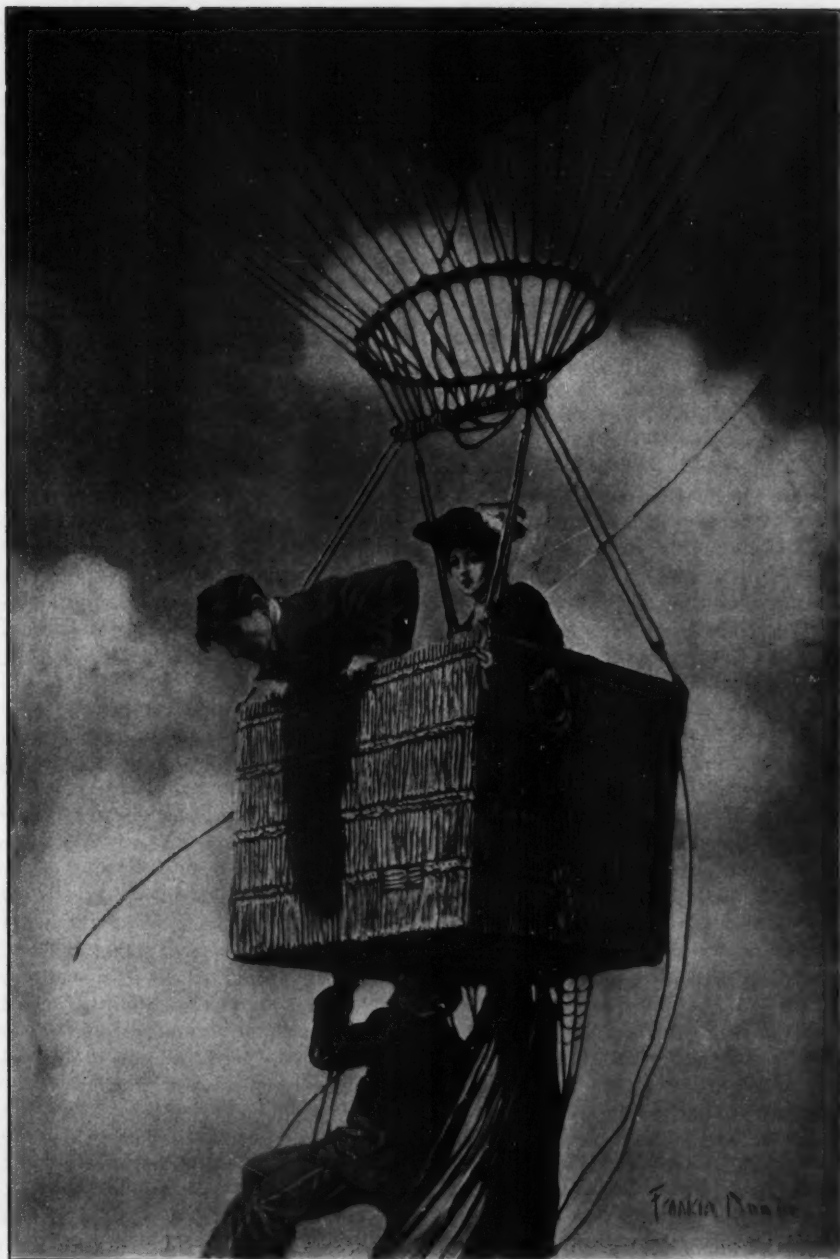
"Why, I mean—"

For the first time in her life, I think, Frank was "rattled." It was a delicious sensation to see her charming and confused at the same moment. Perhaps there was a little spice of selfish spite in it all, for Frank had been the cause of my being "rattled" more than once. Trim mistook her emotion altogether.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss," he said. "We'll come out all right. You're in good hands."

I assured her mutely that this was true, and she turned on me, rosy, but perhaps not with anger.

The blessed corporal talked on. "You see we'll just have to wait until this cantankerous balloon makes up its own mind to go down. The valve string's gone. It's my fault, too,"—and the poor fellow looked up as if he had dragged us into this predicament and not we him—"but in two days, or three at most, the balloon



Drawing by Franklin Booth

Copyright, 1907, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

"CAN YOU HANG ON?" I CALLED

may lose enough gas to sink us within a thousand feet of the ground, and then this long kite-tail beside me,"—Trim patted affectionately the taut cable that hung close to him—"will drag. They won't be long making us fast, if we don't drift out to sea and get lost during the night."

"I'll hang out a lantern, Trim," I said. "It'll be company for you and they may see it from below."

"Don't fire the balloon though," he called up. "Be careful."

It was now five o'clock. The short winter day was drawing to a close. The air had grown bitterly cold, though the sun which hung far out over the ocean, still shone full upon us.

"How high are we, Trim?" I asked.

"Read the barometer," he said. "I never was this high before."

"It's 17:10," I called down.

"We're up about three miles," he said.

As the car swung slowly round, it unrolled a grand panorama before our eyes. Within the glorious circle of our vision lay all central California, and for over one hundred miles we could look out to sea. Directly beneath us stretched San Francisco peninsula, washed by the ocean and the bay, at its tip the fine lace-work of the city's streets running across the leveled hills. With a glass we looked down into those darkening streets and watched the cheerful crowds hurrying homeward, while we rode far above them, the sport of the winds and the coming night. Over the wide landscape, still lighted by the late glory of the declining December afternoon, we turned our gaze. For all the peopled hills at our feet, the silver mirror of the bay, the green expanse of the Santa Clara southward, the yellow stretch of the Sacramento and San Joaquin plain, the northern line of mountains ending in the forest-covered ridges of Mendocino and Humboldt, the grandest prospect before us was the luminous wall of the Sierra Nevadas eastward or the sun-burnt waste of the ocean to the west. As our eyes ran along the glowing front of the Sierras,

"beautiful as a rainbow yet firm as adamant," we marked by the deeper purple of the gorges the places where they cut back from the rose wall of the mountains toward the great white summits. The universe of sky and sea was matched by that noble line, and our gaze followed the waving eastern horizon until it ended in the north in the clear-cut, shining, snow-crowned head of Shasta. The sun went down in ocean splendor and the earth began to fade. The luminous mountain wall of the Sierras went out like coals in a grate, the wide landscape beneath us sank away into the sea of engulfing shadows, and overhead the early stars took up the first watch of the night.

"Corporal Trim," I called out, "we're still at seventeen inches."

"That's good," came the cheery answer. "We're not going up any."

"But, Trim, I'm afraid you'll freeze during the night. I'd go insane, I know, if I were down where you are."

"Never mind about me. I'm used to it. That's the difference. Tell Miss Bowling I think she's the bravest man I know," said the soldier with honest admiration.

"Oh," said Frank, leaning over, "thank you!"

"But, Trim," I persisted, "you'll freeze to death down there. Here, take one of these blankets."

"No, I'm all right. There's only two, and you'll need them."

"Can't you cut the parachute loose?" I suggested, speaking out the thought I had been turning over all afternoon. "You'd reach the ground safely."

"No," responded the corporal slowly. "For one thing I haven't the nerve. This afternoon's been strenuous. Then, what would become of the balloon? You'd go right up in the air if I left you."

Trim's words were true in more ways than one. With Frank to think of and Corporal Trim standing by, my plight could easily have been far more terrifying, as I was to find out before the night ended.

"But you can cut loose, can't you? If we sink lower to-morrow we may want you to run down and tie the other end of the cable?"

I was still in my right mind, for a fool remark sometimes quiets the nerves, as laughter hides embarrassment.

"Oh, yes, I've the ropes in my hand, and the machine would work all right, probably. But three miles through the dark! No, thankee. Guess I'll have to roost out to-night," and the sturdy corporal groaned at the prospect. "This seat is blamed tiresome," he said.

"You won't smoke?" I asked, for I thought of the long hours ahead of him.

"Better not," he said, "we're pretty far from a fire department, and if anything started we'd raise a sudden breeze!"

For an hour we drifted steadily southward, keeping along the main axis of the darkened peninsula, outlined below us by the shining surf-line of the ocean and the ghostly, moon-lighted surface of the bay. Our progress was slow and at nine o'clock we still continued to look down on the bright crescent of lights which marked the towns along the Oakland shore and the long lines of shining points which showed the streets of San Francisco.

Like oases of light in a desert of darkness, the towns of Stockton and Vallejo and Sacramento and San Jose and two score smaller villages twinkled up through the black landscape, and the burning, near-by stars clustered overhead. It was bitterly cold.

"Trim, are you all right?" I called out anxiously.

"Aye, sir," came the brave response.

"Are you?"

"We are sleepy, but what about the cold?"

"Oh, it won't get any worse until morning. Lie down and rest. I'll call you after midnight."

"Well, good night, Trim. We're just as close to heaven in the air as on the dry land!"

I was dead tired and sleepy. Frank already lay wrapped in the double army blankets in the bottom of the car, slumbering peacefully. I took a last survey around the horizon; saw that the barometer still stood at seventeen inches; and cowered down beside her, spent in mind and body. The great hulk of the balloon shut out the stars; the cold sifted in through the wicker wall of the basket like fine snow; and I could hear and feel the creak of the eye-bolts and cordage holding the parachute just below the bottom of the car. Like a child weary in his play, like a condemned criminal the night before his execution, I glided off into dreamless slumber.

A thump dimly felt through the lethargy of sleep, a cry heard, a ringing of cordage and rush of air,—I moved in vague alarm. I put out my hand; Frank was still there. Nothing. No matter. Then deeper oblivion.

Glaring lights shot across the void of my dim consciousness; a roar as of many waters beat upon my dreams like a surf; a throb and tumult of pain seemed to assault my waking senses; I was suffocating; the air burned in my lungs; my ears rang with a torture like the toothache.

"Robert, oh, Robert!" came a dim call to me.

I awoke and sat up. An intolerable ring of anguish seemed tightening around my brow and temples. Throbs of pain shot through my head. Blood gushed from my nostrils.

I looked at Frank. She was sobbing. Her eyes bulged out as if with fright. Her lips were reddened with clotted, frozen blood. The black air rushed down cutting my face with the sting of a thousand needles.

"Oh, Robert, something has happened. The corporal's gone!"

I looked up. There, outlined against the dark blue body of the balloon, the network of ropes holding the car shone like burnished silver. My limbs were stiff as

death and heavy as a swimmer's come to shore, but I staggered to my feet and looked down. The corporal was gone. The parachute was not there. He would not desert us. That I knew. In his slumber he must have disengaged the machine by pulling on the ropes. It was his cry I had heard and not heeded in the middle of the night. Poor fellow, was he dead now, or lying safe down there on the bosom of mother earth? We could not know then that during the latter hours of that long night the faithful corporal lay bruised and broken in a field, entangled in the gear of the parachute, gazing up with fearful eyes to a faint light high in heaven, till it went out and left him groaning with bitter self-reproaches.

Our own fate took our minds now. Frank and I clung together in that awful, arctic solitude. The pain in our temples was maddening, but we could only bear and suffer. Suddenly a thought struck me. With numbed, dead fingers I tore at some paper and tossed the pieces off into the air. The barometer glass was broken and the mercury frozen at its foot. How high we were we could not tell. There was nothing but blackness beneath. The compass told me we were again slowly revolving. I watched the paper. We were still going up!

"Frank," I said, "the valve! I'm going to climb to the top of the balloon and see if I can open it."

"Don't leave me, Robert. You'll fall."

"No, I won't. We'll both die if this doesn't stop. I must open the valve."

Almost rudely I thrust her down in the bottom of the car and stepped up on the rim of the basket beside one of the ropes. It was seven feet to the ring where the network covering the balloon began, and the ropes were slippery with frost. There was nothing but night below me, night and the icy, burning stars above. My right hand grasped the ring, then my left, and I drew myself up away from the car. A few feet above the ring the great bulging side of the balloon laid its spongy

cheek hard against the ropes, rigid as the head of a drum. I could not get my fingers around the rope and there I hung over the edge of the abyss. My heart turned to water within me. Why not let go? It would soon all be over. The throbs of torture across my brain nerved my arms once more. Letting go the main, upright rope, my fingers clasped around one of the slighter, horizontal cords making up the network spread over the balloon's surface. I drew myself up to it and reached for the one above. These cords, like the parallels of latitude on a globe, ran horizontally at intervals of about twenty inches, and slowly, doubtfully, racked with a pain which made me forget my position, I mounted to the upper bulge of the silken, rubber globe rolling beneath me. A wild, foolish idea shot through me. Suppose the balloon, with my weight above, should turn turtle and spill out Frank from the basket beneath? The notion was an absurdity, but I was half mad.

"Frank?" I called.

"Robert?" came up her piteous cry from a great depth. "Don't fall."

"Cheer up, little girl, I've reached the top."

"Come back, Robert."

"When I've opened the valve."

Silence below.

I lay down on the broad quivering back of the great monster and stretched wide my hands, holding to nothing. I laughed with wild, uncanny laughter. There was a cord in the lockers of the car below me, and I had forgotten to bring it up with me! How was I to tie the valve, now that I had reached it. The balloon, like a large boat in a little swell, rolled slightly beneath me. The stars reeled and swam in awful circles above. I was going mad.

"Robert, Robert!" came up the cry from far below.

"Coming, Frankie," I called.

I pulled open the valve, and a whistling rush from within stirred the hair at the back of my neck as I turned away. The valve worked all right. I had my knife in



Drawing by Franklin Booth

Copyright, 1907, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

THERE A GRAY OLD MERLIN OF A FARMER FOUND US

my hand. Leaving the safe, upper pole of the small, unstable world which held me, I lowered myself perhaps fifteen feet on the broad back of the balloon. There the main ropes, "the lines of longitude," of our runaway little world, diverging, were about five feet apart, held in place by the slighter cords of the network.

To walk along the topmost wall of some tall building, to tread firm earth along some mountain precipice, to peer down some sheer, half-mile cliff of the Yosemite, are things done for sport and for wages every day. But to hang on the edge of nothingness, to feel black chaos and primeval night loom above and lure below you, to hover in infinite space over a vanished universe, that is a different matter!

As I circled along the brow of that balloon, holding with one hand above while

I cut the strings below me, Frank's voice sounded up through the darkness to me, and fear was not known. At last it was ended. I climbed back to the valve, tied the strings together, attached one end there, and was ready to descend. The valve-string running freely through my belt, I slipped down again to where the body of the balloon began to give way from under me. There I stopped. I pulled the valve-string. The whistling sound above told me that all was well, and swinging down beyond the line of the cut cords, I passed the equator of awe and dread and hung by my hands alone as I swung from cord to cord of the lower surface. My feet touched the ring! Frank's arms were about me, and sobbing like a child, I fell swooning upon the bottom of the car.

I was roused by a vapor, warm to our chilled and stiffened bodies, as it swept

over us, engulfing the car and cutting off the stars. Down, down, down we fell, my hand on the rope which held the valve wide open. The ringing in our ears stopped, and the iron band of pain across our temples relaxed. The awful fear of that black upper silence was gone, for away beneath us we caught a glimpse of the blessed earth again. The landscape seemed utterly strange. But we hung directly over a coast; we could even hear the wash of the waves below, the only sound coming up through the night air. The balloon was hardly descending now, and I let the valve close completely. Two hours we waited for the dawn.

It came, reddening along the eastern mountain tops, gilding the vapors in the upper sky, while yet the earth beneath lay in shadow. Now the welcome light filled the whole heaven and rested caressingly on the bosom of the valleys. Clearly we made out below us the perfect semi-circle of Half Moon Bay, thirty miles south of San Francisco. Away to the east, beyond the Crystal Lakes, the sun was lighting up the low-lying, red-tiled roofs of the Stanford quadrangles. Would we reach home again?

"Frank," I said to the girl beside me, "the next half-hour will decide it."

"Yes, Robert, I am not afraid."

I took her in my arms and she yielded trustfully to me. My heart was in my mouth, but I swallowed it again, and then I did what through the long, dark hours of our vigil I had not dared to do, I kissed her.

"Frank," I said, "it may be a half-hour or it may be a half-century. Will you—shall we spend it together?"

"Robert," said the dear girl, turning her laughing eyes on me, "don't you think you ought to have asked me first?"

The car gave a sudden lurch, almost

throwing us to the floor. Still holding to Frank, I looked out. The sag of the rope trailing beneath us had caught in some dwarf oaks which lined the canyon below us. I pulled the valve wide open, and slowly the balloon, like a mustang whose spirit had been broken, yielded to the rope and settled peacefully on the hillside. We felt the touch of earth again!

There a gray old Merlin of a farmer found us. For an hour he had watched our flight, following with his double team along the farm road through his wood. Frank, laughing and crying hysterically, threw herself into his arms, while I stood by like an idiot, telling the discomfited countryman we were not insane. Whatever he thought, honest Tom Brown bundled us into his wagon, and half an hour later we sat warm and snug by his kitchen fire.

The evening lights of Roble Hall shone full on the roadway as Mr. Brown's double team and buckboard emerged from Eucalyptus Avenue and drew near to the dormitory. Mr. Brown's broad, philosophic back had not turned once during our long drive up from the coast side, across the mountains, and down the foothill grade. Frank and I had sat silent during the journey and now we were watching the stars come out. The horses splashed up to the front entrance of the hall. I helped Frank to alight, and Mr. Brown whipped on to Palo Alto. Hastily we ran up the steps and gained the parlor without being observed. A tall gentleman at the farther end of the room arose and came toward us. I never felt so much like running in my life. But Frank, laying a trembling hand on my arm, whispered, "Robbie, you're a brave boy!" Then lower, "Now is the time to score!" Aloud she said: "I want you to,"—she looked up at me,—"to meet my father."

OUT-OF-DOOR SPORTS
IN THE
UNITED STATES

HOW THE PEOPLE OF NORTH AMERICA FIND PLEASURE
HEALTH AND RECREATION IN EXHILARATING
EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR



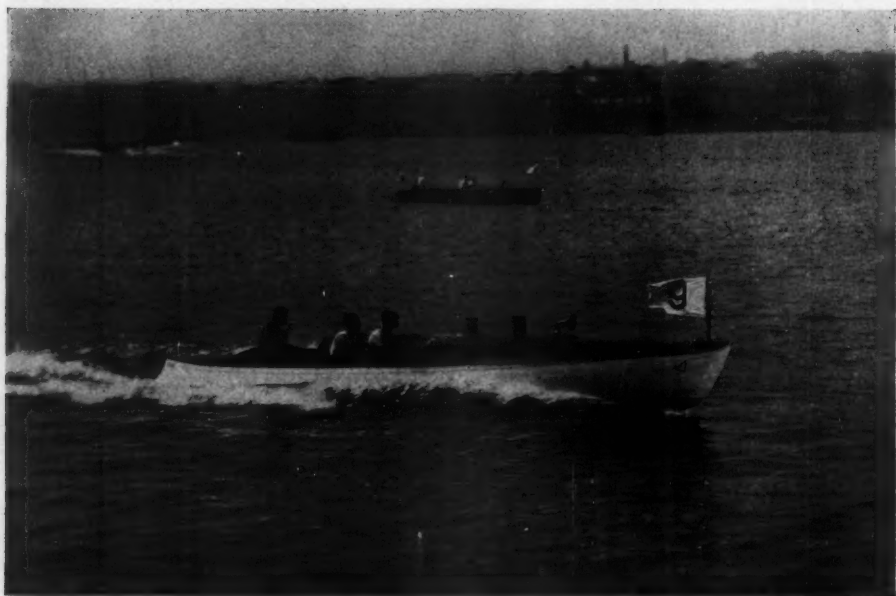
FISHING

Playing a Black Bass, on an Indiana stream



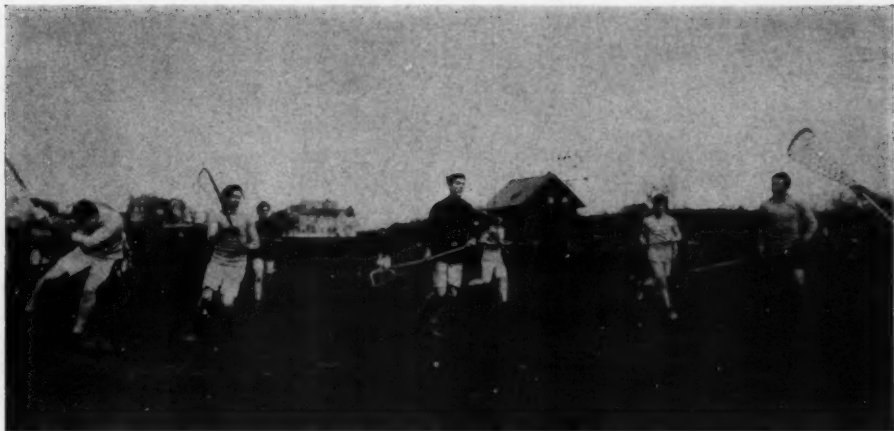
FOX HUNTING

"M. F. H." Dana of Lenox, with the hounds



MOTOR-BOATING

On the Hudson, New York



LA CROSSE

Grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club, Bayshore, Long Island



CRICKET

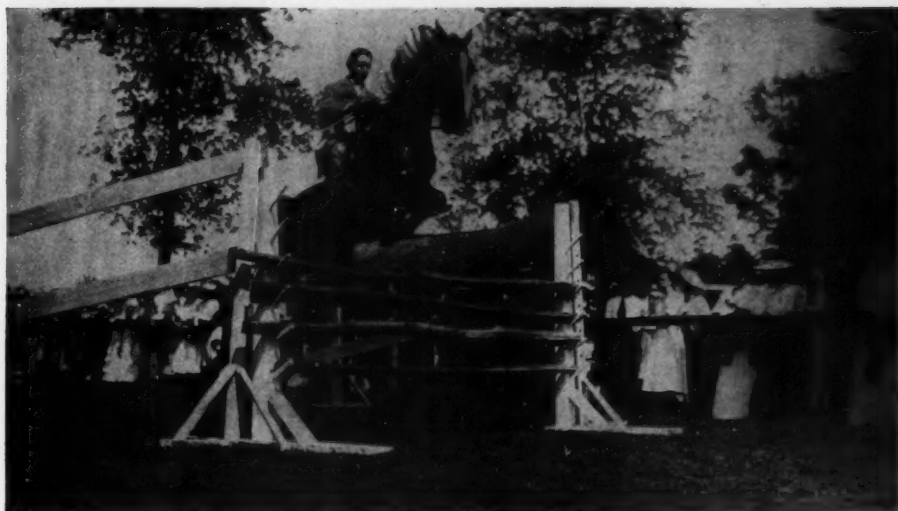
Sir Henry Durand, late British Ambassador, at the bat, Lenox, Massachusetts



TOURING BY AUTOMOBILE
The Glidden Contest, 1906



GOLF
Links of the Knollwood Country Club, New York



HURDLE JUMPING

Judging hunters at Long Branch, New York, Horse Show



TENNIS

Westchester County Club, New York



CURLING

Van Courtlandt Park, New York

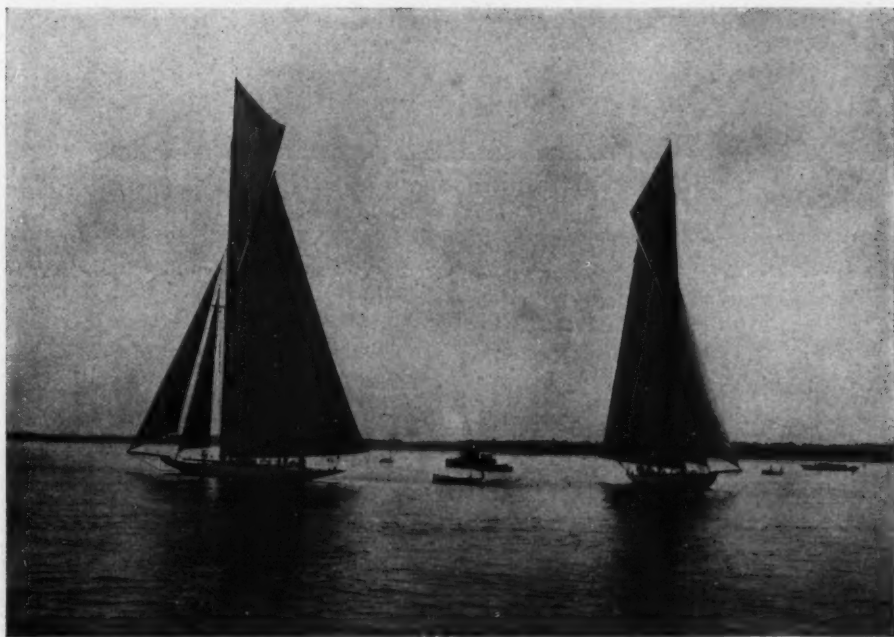


ICE-BOATING

An exciting turn at a mile a minute, Shrewsbury River, New Jersey



GENTLEMEN'S HARNESS RACING
Matinee driving at Empire City Track, New York



YACHTING
"Jockeying" for wind, before the start



POLO

Meadowbrook Club, Hempstead Long Island

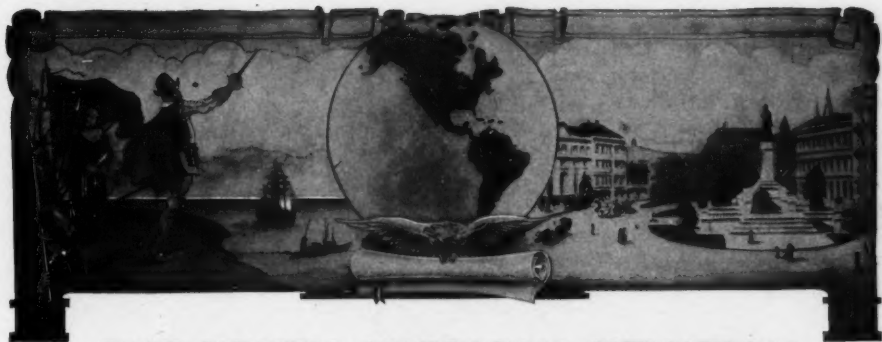


WATER CYCLING ON THE HUDSON



COACHING

Whitelaw Reid, Ambassador to England, seated next his daughter who is driving



THE SOUTH AMERICAN SITUATION

By Albert Hale

"WE WISH NO VICTORIES BUT THOSE OF PEACE, NO TERRITORY EXCEPT OUR OWN, AND NO SOVEREIGNTY EXCEPT SOVEREIGNTY OVER OURSELVES, WHICH WE DEEM INDEPENDENCE."

SECRETARY ROOT AT RIO DE JANEIRO, JULY 31, 1906.

V

ARGENTINA

ARMENTINA is considered the acme of South American civilization, and to the mildly critical observer she seems to have produced the finest city on the western continent, an aristocracy of rich absentee landholders and a proletariat agitating for state socialism.

It is necessary to glance at both her history and geography before we can form a good idea of our active rival in South America. Argentina has an area of one million one hundred and thirty-five thousand eight hundred and forty square miles and equals that part of our own country east of the Mississippi with the Dakotas, Minnesota and Iowa thrown in. From north to south the country measures two thousand three hundred miles and its widest part, only eight hundred miles, is not maintained over the entire length. The interior, excepting in the extreme north, is all within the tem-

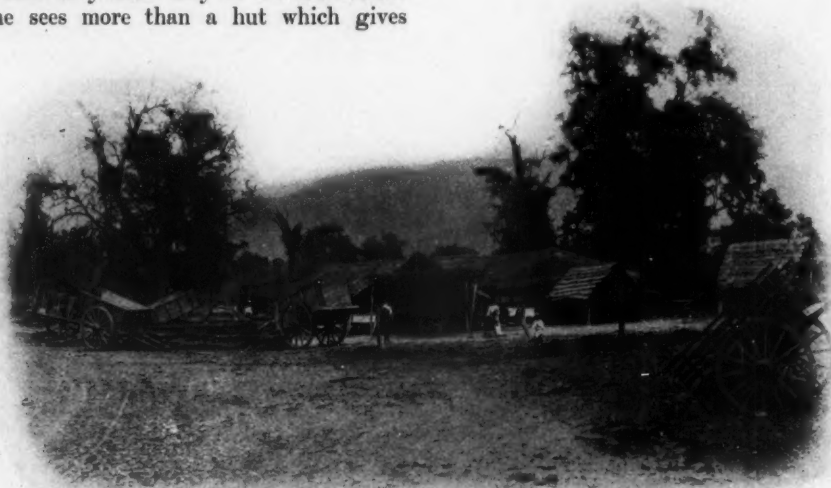
perate zone, and forms an immense plain with its eastern edge against the Paraná River, the Uruguay River and the Atlantic Ocean. Its western edge ascends to the summit of the Andes, twenty thousand feet. This plain was originally an inland sea, which has risen only a little above the ocean; in general it is flat, so flat that one railroad has a stretch of one hundred and seventy-five miles as straight as a surveyor could draw it; and so big that Dakota would be lost in its boundless prairies. Everything that the United States can grow Argentina can grow, and cheaper; yet to-day, although she exports wheat to the eastern world, the price of bread is higher than when wheat was imported. Argentina has astonished and will continue to astonish the world by her fertility, for her wheat, cattle, sheep and alfalfa multiply from one year's end to the other without taking any rest, be-

cause there is no snow, no winter's cold, to check their growth. She could feed twenty million persons on wheat alone, and with her animal food there would be nearly enough for the whole western world, even if the United States were wiped off the map. There are magnificent estates of thousands upon thousands of acres where sheep and cattle and wheat can not be estimated, but whole estates are owned by one man, and the laborers are South Europeans who have no ambitions beyond earning their daily bread, whose standard of living is satisfied by a mud hut and the hope of accumulating enough to pay their passage back to Spain or Italy. There are twelve thousand five hundred miles of as good railways as any in the world, with splendid trains, luxurious cars, fine rock-ballasted beds and every modern comfort; yet apart from the railways most of the highways are only tracks beaten across the plains by the Indians or by the later cowboys. These tenders of cattle and growers of wheat are about the only inhabitants of the primitive towns and villages scattered throughout the land, so that from one estate forty miles may be traveled before one sees more than a hut which gives

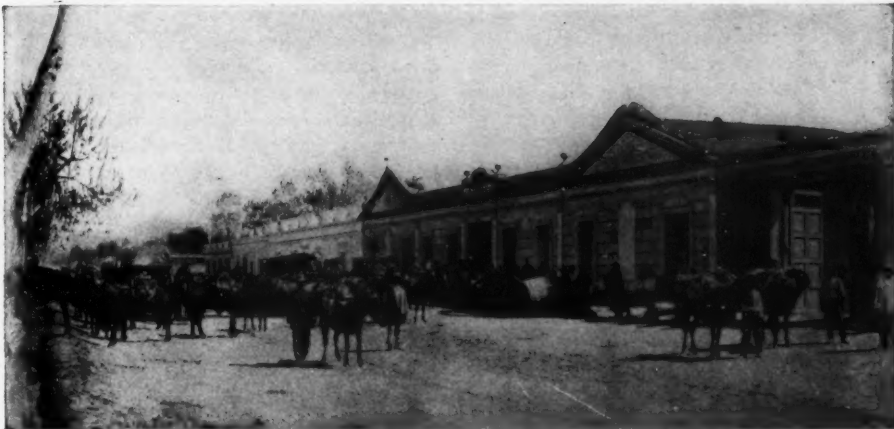
merely shelter from the wind and rain; but on the next estate—*estancia*—is a palace filled with the products of European art.

Four-fifths of the inhabitants of Argentina are of foreign birth, and their children, called Argentinians, are not at all assimilated, in our sense of the word. This immense tide of migration has its ebb and flow all over the nation, so that it is not a land of settlements or homes, and the only permanent residents are those who remain for self-interest, the relatively few who as colonists are planted here to get free from the narrowness of European life and monarchies, or the many who are tied to their jobs and can not get away. Aboriginal races there are practically none; Argentinians in the significance implied by Spaniards or Venezuelans or Chilians or even Patagonians are as rare as the unreconstructed Southerner, and the word "home" is an unfamiliar term to four million people.

Homes scarcely exist in Argentina, partly because of this lack of local flavor to the soil, partly because the land itself



A CHARACTERISTIC NATIVE RANCH HOUSE, IN THE ANDEAN FOOT-HILLS



A TYPICAL "BODEGA" OR WAYSIDE TAVERN IN THE INTERIOR

does not present an aspect which invites the stranger to think of home. For the man who has money to invest and will go far enough into the interior to buy land for grain or sheep or cattle, there is opportunity to make money; the Italian or Spaniard who wishes to till his small farm can buy land at a reasonable price, and he never thinks of rising above his station; but the Englishman or American who wishes to earn a living might better stay at home, because he has no chance to grow up with the country, no social life worthy of his kind. Friendliness and hospitality are never lacking, but the only lure will be to make money. In the old cities of Tucumán, Santa Fé or Córdoba there is civilization of a kind, and a native culture; the scenery is fine; westward against the Andes and eastward in the territory of Las Misiones and the province of Entre Rios are beautiful areas where man might long to dwell, but over most of the nation he thinks only of coining his cattle into dollars. The boundless prairies, the voiceless distances frighten one; those who are compelled to stay, dream of saving or investing enough to let them escape; those who have invested remain only long enough to look after their affairs, and those who have reached

this happy state, do escape into the towns.

I did not stop to count all the millionaire landholders in Argentina, they are so many; but they had the land given to them when it was worth nothing, or they bought it when it was cheap and will sell to-day at only a very high price. Spaniards and Italians, English and Irish—marvelous to tell, the rich Irishmen stick to the country, scorning politics and city primaries—and a few North Americans, are those who, besides the original Spanish grantees now called *Argentinos*, own this immense country. The Yankee prefers to sell the agricultural implements and to teach the farmer how to use them. The North American does not like farming in Argentina; it is too lonely or not neighborly enough to suit him, and therefore he sticks to the town. I don't blame him either, because he merely follows the habit of the people themselves; of the six million inhabitants one-fourth live in cities of twenty-five thousand or more; a few of these city dwellers are very rich, some are moderately well off and the rest put up with a pittance. Those who live outside of the capital and chief city are jealous of her and they have many times plotted to overcome her greatness; some of those who live in this big city are dis-

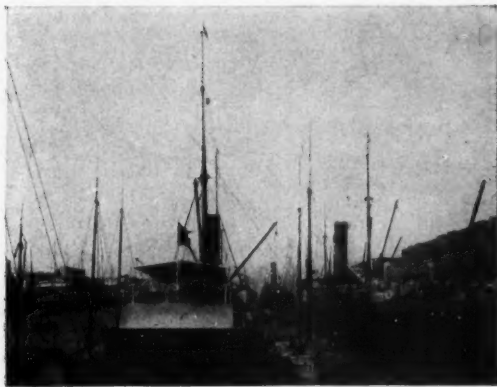
contented at seeing the incalculable material wealth of the country held within the hands of comparatively few men, many of whom do not deserve it and make no effort to show that they deserve it; these discontented ones feel also the unscrupulous power of those who can line their pockets by what we call graft, and therefore condemning all existing forms of government they clamor for state socialism. Moreover, Argentina herself has for years encouraged and welcomed migration from Spain and Italy, and among the million or more who came on her invitation have been the expatriated from those countries, and they find in social and political conditions in Argentina plenty of material with which they can excite the imagination and kindle the discontent of the Latin mind. Many immigrants who find no homes in the interior come up to town, and all who can by hook or

crook obtain a bellyful to last the next twenty-four hours, cling pertinaciously to Buenos Aires.

Buenos Aires is "the whole thing" in Argentina. I do not undervalue Rosario up the Paraná, or Bahía Blanca to the south, or beautiful Córdoba near the Andes, or Mar del Plata on the Atlantic, but Buenos Aires absorbs everything there is in this part of South America; she has no rival and, while the other cities have local color and habits of their own, I know of no country in the world which is so dominated by its capital as is Argentina by Buenos Aires. If the traveler comes from the interior after leaving behind the splendors of Andean scenery and crossing the five hundred miles of prairie, he feels like a swimmer who has been a long time under water and takes his first deep breath of civilization when he enters the city. All surroundings of



THE AVENIDA MAYO



THE CROWDED DOCKS OF BUENOS AIRES
Freighters from Liverpool and Amsterdam in foreground

the metropolis are but the reflex of the center—trim, well built and clean. But if he comes from the sea or from Montevideo, an easy night's journey of one hundred and ten miles, across the river, he may be no less surprised at finding everything so extremely modern and usual.

I arrived at six o'clock in the morning, before the busy life of the harbor awoke. The waterways were crowded with shipping, however, and I took a melancholy interest in noting how many steamers flew European flags, how few that of the United States. The steamer plowed her way quietly to her dock, and we stepped directly into the custom house. There was a slight charge for each piece of baggage inspected, but no annoying search made, so that within ten minutes I called a cab and was driven to the Hotel Splendid. As we rolled along the broad water front and up the Avenida Mayo, I said to myself, "I must have taken the wrong steamer or I am dreaming. Surely I am in Europe." It was not that things seemed European or that it was easy to detect an imitation; it *was* Europe. No amount of self-argument would overcome this illusion; the asphalt smelt as it does in Europe and was cleaned in the European

way; the little trees grew in the tradition of European culture, the buildings were French, the cafés, the news-stands, all the lazy life of the early morning was continental, and the Swiss porter touched his cap as he asked me in French—for which he expected a tip—whether monsieur wished his baggage sent at once to his room. No wonder a chatty old French lady asked me at *déjeuner*, "How do you like Buenos Aires? It's Little Paris, isn't it?"

Undoubtedly this answer, "Little Paris," is expected, yet it is an injustice to the city to restrict its individuality by such a comparison. Good Americans who would live should go to "Little Paris." The more I became acquainted the more willing was I to acknowledge distinctions which make the comparisons far from accurate.

The essential difference lies in the fact that Buenos Aires has no traditions; it is true that the foundation dates from 1535, but it was a struggling village, colony and seaport up to a few decades ago, and there remains scarcely a trace of any aboriginal settlement, or of a conquering race subjecting the natives to alien ways, such as one finds in the city of Mexico. Nor is there the unmistakable strain of European conquerors, such as Rio de Janeiro or Caracas present. The city is cosmopolitan, as mixed as Chicago; of her one million inhabitants nearly one-half are foreign-born Italians, Spanish, French, English, Germans and "also rans," of which we Yankees form an insignificant proportion. The prevailing and official speech is, of course, Spanish, but there is not a country in Europe without its quota of representatives resident; and Syrians, Africans or Russians may be found in goodly numbers.

To walk or ride about Buenos Aires intensifies the marvel that out of this heterogeneous material could grow such a beautiful whole. Moreover, I noticed that

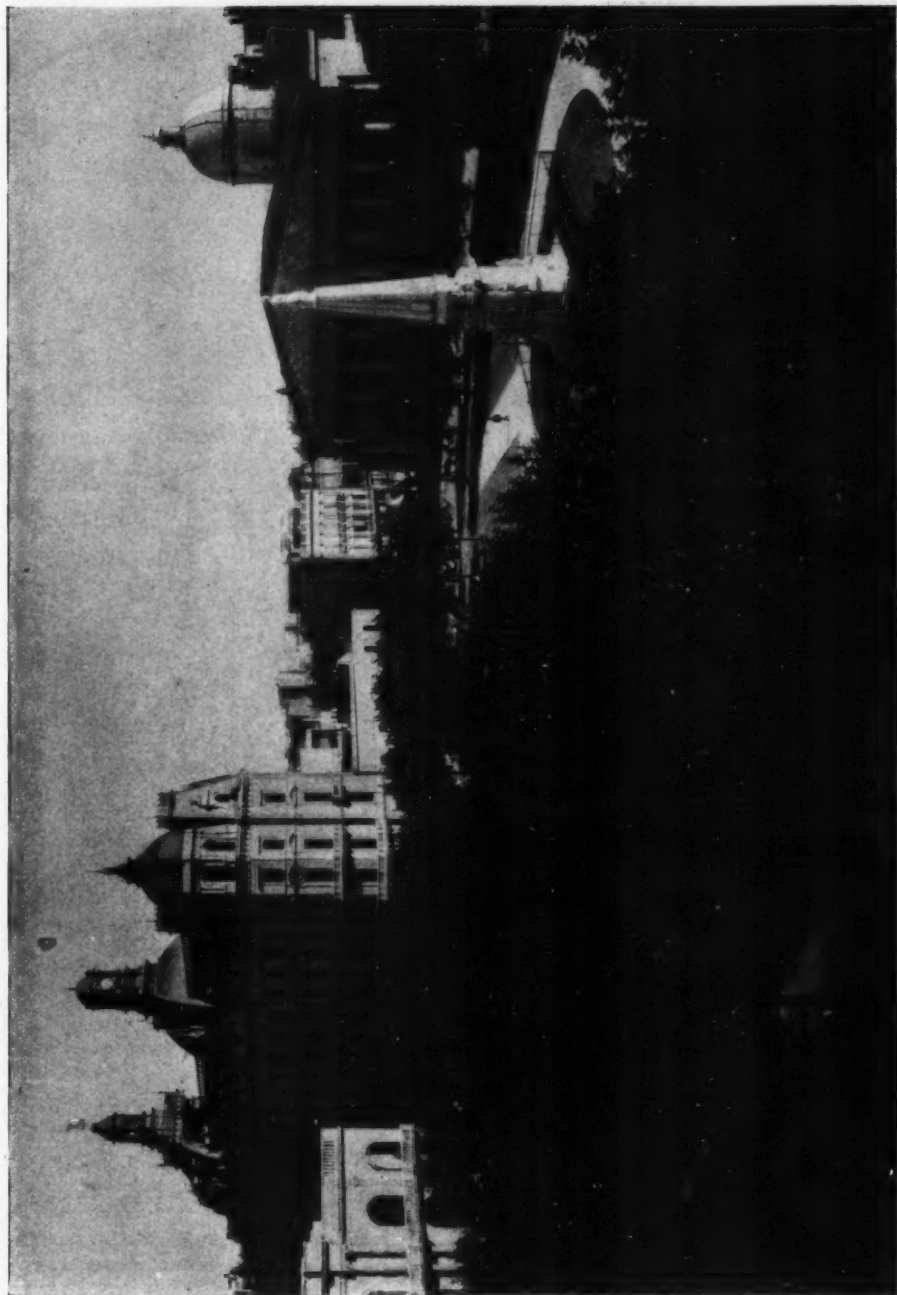
there was no prevailing type of anything; the architecture is French in the center of the city, generally European in the residence avenues, and modernized South American on the side streets, where one-storied houses with inner *patios* are the rule. The cafés and hotels are French, but the shops vary from door to door. Calle Florida, in which all Fashion buys its clothes, seems a second Bond Street; and by dodging around the corner one may be with surprising rapidity in a German *Bier-Halle*, a Brazilian coffee house or an American bar. English haberdasheries, French millineries, American novelties and machines, German hardware, Spanish fans, Italian jewels, Swiss watches and Turkish cigarettes can all be found within five minutes of each other, and the salesmen are undecided as to their language or their nationality. I went into the Ciudad do Londres, a big department store which was following the world's popular habit by advertising a grand clearing sale of bargains, and asked in Spanish for an Argentine national flag; the first salesman was Spanish who had so recently arrived that he did not know the flag; the second was a German who knew the flag but did not understand Spanish, and the third, of whom I finally made my purchase, was an English Argentine born and brought up in the country.

The attractiveness of the city extends far beyond the business and shopping centers and every place is so accessible by the street cars that there is no better way to spend one's leisure than to ride. Carriages there are in plenty, and the system of municipal control is as good as that in Paris; very few hansoms are for hire, the usual conveyance being a one or two horse victoria at the price of one dollar (forty-four cents gold) by the course or the hour; but the pleasantest way of going about the city is on the electric tram. Buenos Aires has the best street-car system I ever saw; there are ten pri-

vate tram companies, covering three hundred miles of streets; a ride within the city limits costs ten cents paper (four and one-half cents gold); no transfers are issued, because all lines go through the center of the city and there is hardly need of passing from one line to another. The cars are long, comfortable and easy riding; they have no strap hangers, can carry only those for whom there is room, and when full display the sign *completo* and unconcernedly whiz by the waiting fare. But the most practical feature is the very large number shown on the front of each car to indicate the district served; it is no trouble to learn what number to take and it can always be detected even at a distance.

I spent a small fortune riding out to Palermo, that fine park on the river front, and in other directions beyond the normal limits, for Buenos Aires is an immense city, covering more ground than Paris or Berlin, and second probably only to London. Everywhere the streets are clean and well paved, the houses conform to rational building rules, and there is a beauty in each design, construction and ornamentation which ought to make our municipalities blush with shame, and determined to take lessons from this most magnificent city in America. It is impossible to touch all her charms; her police force, trim and orderly, is better disciplined than any similar body in the United States, and although they have not the fighting capacity of the latter they are superior in politeness and accurate information for the stranger; her ambulance system is the finest in the world; her public water supply is as modern as science can make it, while the elaboration of her docks and conveniences for handling the commerce, though not adequate to her marvelously growing trade, are in themselves worth serious investigation.

These features for daytime study are endless. At night a new life possesses the city and she becomes as gay—there,



Entrance to Avenida Mayo

PLAZA DE MAYO, BUENOS AIRES

The Cathedral



FOUNDLING CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN MISSION SCHOOL, BUENOS AIRES

I must say it—as Paris. The Avenida is a blaze of light; carriages, cabs and automobiles rush by in ceaseless procession, the restaurants and cafés are crowded, and sidewalks, where they are not occupied by little tables at which groups of friends or families sip their soft drinks or hard, are thronged by theater-goers, idlers and strangers from abroad, who, like myself, have nothing better to do than to look on.

Buenos Aires has its slums also. Any sailor man can tell you what the Boca means down by the wharves and shipping yards; here are low groggeries, blind alleys, abandoned children and misery in plenty. You can see that with all her splendor and even with the genius for municipal government which is undeniably characteristic of the Latin race, she has not been able to prevent or abolish the sore spots that make one sick of London or New York.

I saw an election in Buenos Aires; the day was as quiet as the usual Sunday, though I had been warned that in the neighborhood of some booths life was not safe; yet there was no disturbance, but also there was very little voting; all had been arranged beforehand to suit the party. With one million inhabitants Buenos Aires has only fifty thousand

voters; the party controls everything and votes are bought and sold; there is no knowledge of the Australian ballot and graft rules victorious. The trade unions are powerful and unreasonable; scarcely a day passes that does not see a strike of some kind—bakers, cabmen or medical students. On the Avenida Mayo and Calle Florida can be seen every luxury and extravagance in fashion and dress; at the Jockey Club, the most elaborate club in the world, is gambling as high as our millionaires might desire; but the industrial atmosphere is saturated with discontent, the streets are placarded with announcements of socialistic meetings, and thus the last proof is added that Buenos Aires ranks among the great cities of the earth.

This all shows that the nation is not at rest, that the landholders and capitalists have grown rich too fast, and that the people have not grasped the true spirit of democracy. It is a matter of interest, therefore, to find out what influences have produced this complex result. The Spanish came first with their thirst for gold, looting the country from Paraguay to Patagonia, leaving a trail across the Andes to Chile and up through the wilderness to Peru; the English, while we were fighting our battles westward, saw advan-

tages in La Plata which we had no time to understand; but her shrewd merchants knew how to use the land and they have never ceased to furnish brains and money; the French added taste, fashions and art, the Italian brought his muscle and his wife. These races make the Argentina of to-day. We have stood silently by, except in certain epochs of her history; from us she drew her first breath of liberty, by our help she remained independent when the powers of Europe would have parceled her out, but since then the United States has had little more influence than Japan.

But Argentina is a lusty, aggressive country out of which is slowly growing a compact nation; she has her own troubles, which, though burdensome now, are helping to knit more firmly together her loose-

ly-bound provinces. With Chile she has for years been in dispute, but their boundary line is settled and their jealousies promise to become nothing but friendly rivalries. Argentina might swallow Uruguay tomorrow, were it not that a growing feeling recognizes the need of permitting the little Oriental Republic to develop independently, and of interposing such a neutral zone between herself and her most formidable neighbor, Brazil. Brazil and Argentina are the two great nations of South America. Originally they are both of Latin stock, but in many qualities they differ essentially; each has invited the money of Europe to upbuild her, but Argentina has far outstripped Brazil. Three hundred million pounds, five times the amount in Brazil, is a conservative estimate of the English capital invested



THE STATUE OF CHRIST THE REDEEMER, THIRTEEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA
It marks the on--disputed boundary line between Argentina and Chile

in Argentina; her commerce in 1905 was five hundred and twenty-eight million dollars, of this one hundred and twelve million five hundred thousand dollars being with England alone. The English own the railways, managing them on the conservative plan, safe and slow; they control the banks, although Germany, France, Italy and Spain have their interests; they purchase the national and state bonds, and leagues of land are worked as English investments. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company is an institution, leading the other lines, English, German, French, Spanish, Italian and Austrian, in every move. England watches Argentina with a careful eye, naturally desirous of securing a legitimate *per centum* for her money, for the Argentinos are not always sincere in their devotion to England, or



A REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS BLOCK
ON THE AVENIDA MAYO

ANO VIII.	MARZO 1906	TOMO XXIV.
REVISTA DE DERECHO, HISTORIA Y LETRAS		
SUMARIO		
B. Ancelari	<i>El Presidente Roosevelt y el Senado</i>	5
J. S. García	<i>Ferrocarril entre el Perú, Bolivia y la República Argentina</i>	19
J. Ingelatorre	<i>Nueva clasificación de los delincuentes fundada en su psicología</i>	18
C. O. Bunge	<i>Villa de Don Quijote y de Sancho Panza por Miguel de Unamuno</i>	29
E. Villazón	<i>Proyectos de Bolivia</i>	35
Editorial de la Revista Argentina	<i>Antes antiguos referentes a los Indios de la nación Payaguá y sus malos resultados</i>	46
The Times	<i>Comercio activo y dinero caro</i>	53
F. del Prado	<i>La fiesta de la Agricultura en el Berdoso</i>	60
E. Gomard	<i>La emigración italiana y las colonias sin bandera</i>	67
E. E. Zeballos	<i>Mitre, discurso pronunciado en La Plata</i>	78
—	<i>Notas de viaje — Un pequeño mundo sobre las alas</i>	96
—	<i>América — Mitre — Los Estados Unidos y la República Argentina</i>	105
—	<i>Bibliografía — Argentina</i>	112
DIRECCIÓN Y ADMINISTRACIÓN		
Buenos Aires		
224 - VICTORIA - 225		
1906		

TWO MEN OF MARK IN ARGENTINA

always honest in their promises to act fairly with outsiders.

Yet it is not due altogether to latent hostility to Chile or Brazil, or to antagonism to Great Britain, or to desire for an alliance with France or Germany, or to love of Spain, which prompts her to maintain her big navy better prepared than any in South America, and her active army with a fighting strength of from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand men, with a cavalry recruited from the *gauchos* of the plains who are practically born on horseback, and present as splendid form as any cavalry in Europe. All these may be contributing reasons in Argentina's energy, but her supreme ambition is to become reckoned, if not a world power at least the dominant factor in South America, and the trans-equatorial balance to the United States.

The Yankee feels this in every move he takes, and it is apt to tincture the con-



SIX THOUSAND TONS OF WHEAT AWAITING SALE AND TRANSPORT TO BUENOS AIRES

versation in any club or promenade. Nor is it an unwholesome desire, or freighted with short-sighted jealousy; it is normal and inevitable. The two countries lend themselves to broad comparison, and Argentina studies us with more judgment and regard than we devote to her. One of her finest scholars and distinguished diplomats said to me in good faith, only echoing what can be heard elsewhere: "You make a mistake in your attitude toward us; you do not visit us, nor are the men you send here always worthy of you. Mr. Root is the first of your great men to make a personal journey to us and to show our people the type of statesman you can produce; yet for years our best scholars and students have visited you,

while the diplomats of Europe have not considered it beneath their profit to pay close attention to the rising greatness of Argentina. We feel proud that Mr. Root becomes acquainted with us, but you may depend upon it he will see very much to astonish him, and the object-lesson is sure to be one he can never forget. He is welcome, in all sincerity. A few years ago we had a squadron of your navy here and the ships made a fine impression, but they were withdrawn—a mistake, I believe—and their existence nearly forgotten. Naval officers are keen observers and send back intelligent reports, whereas some of the American residents here might better be disclaimed; they are blatant *bourgeois*.

"You ignore our marvelous growth



BRANDING CATTLE ON THE ARGENTINE RANCHES

during the last generation; there is no direct line of steamers between here and New York; you have no banks here, no large commercial interests, and in the eyes of our people, who can judge only by what they see, you, who should be the equal of Great Britain and Germany, rank no higher than Peru."

"But you are a South American country," I innocently remarked. "You are not big, as we are, and you have overweighted Buenos Aires, which has one-fifth of your total population; the vast areas behind you sound hollow."

"This may be true; but are you in the United States free from the evils of town life? Our birth rate is very high and the death rate of Buenos Aires is the lowest of any large city in the world, due, not so much to the purity of our air as to the care we have given to sanitary matters. Can you say the same of your own cities? I read your papers constantly and you, too, are in danger from congestion in the cities. We have the land at our back doors, millions of acres which are becoming populated by hundreds of colonies from Italy, Spain, and other European countries; the land sells at low cost and is open to any one who wishes to buy. In 1905 one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, eight hundred and fifty immigrants arrived in Argentina, and our population

increased forty-nine and five-tenths per thousand; every year we expect more; it will not be long before we populate our empty spaces with Latins, and with Anglo-Saxons if we can get them. You say we are not big; do you realize that we are one-third your size, and that our productive area is surely one-half your own? We have twenty-five million cattle, over one hundred million sheep, five hundred thousand horses of good blood, and one million hogs. We export beef to England, our packing houses are modern and eager for the world's markets; already we export wool and may soon export cotton and wine. We grow more corn and alfalfa than any country in the world; we rank fourth in wheat production; we already grow more sugar than all the British West Indies, and are beginning to export a surplus. Why, in 1905 we sent four hundred and thirty-six thousand tons of wheat to England, against five hundred and seventy-two thousand from the United States and two hundred and fifty-four thousand from Canada, and we can grow wheat for Europe at half your cost. Within a few years your markets for farm products will be largely cut off by Argentina. You can't prevent it; we are one of nature's granaries, so near the sea that a five-hundred-mile level haul will tap our farthest fields, and yet we have



WE ARE ADVERTISED BY OUR LOVING FRIENDS

scarcely made a beginning with our land. You may soon be compelled to consume your own produce or to let it rot.

"We are not in arrears as a nation with any of our foreign loans: our public debt is high, that I acknowledge, but we have needed the money for our expanding activities, and we see no present reason why we should be frightened at it."

"But," I broke in, "I see so much discontent in Buenos Aires—"

"Have you no discontent at home?" he interrupted. "Your cities are full of misery and agitation, and you know no more what to do with it than do we. There is discontent because we have not labor enough to do the work, and with the rapidly advancing standard of living in the cities, workmen demand more. Such conditions are slow of adjustment, but discontent in prosperous times is not necessarily detrimental."

"I see fault-finding with your railways, complaint of bad management, inadequate facilities, government red tape and interference—"

"Have you nothing like that in the

United States?" he rejoined. "I know of strikes there as well as here; of incompetent or dishonest transportation methods and blockaded traffic. These are only transitory problems; you will right them

as we shall. It is a just criticism that our railways do not handle with ease and facility their growing traffic, but the explanation is simple; and shows that in this respect you have the advantage of us. Our freight is chiefly outgoing; the railways too often carry the wagons (cars) back empty be-

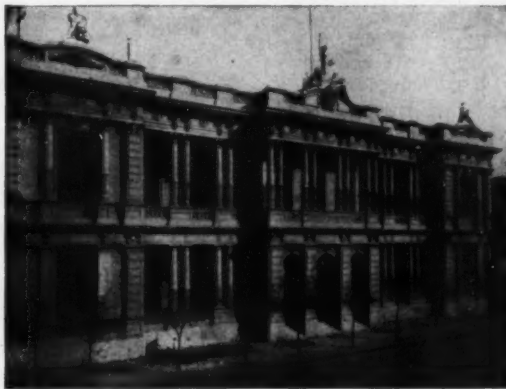
cause the rural population is not an extravagantly consuming class, such as you have in the United States. They are South Europeans who came here very recently and

live parsimoniously; if our freight cars were full both going and coming, the congestion would be avoided, because then they could keep active all the year round; as it is now, only in times of harvest can they use all the cars. But we are studying; we have sent experts to your coun-

try to examine traffic conditions. Our railways have no immense land concessions as have yours, and can not of themselves stimulate migration and settlement,



THE NATIONAL CAPITAL AT BUENOS AIRES



A SCHOOL BUILDING

Named in honor of Sarmiento, the educator



A DAUGHTER OF THE LITTLE OLD LADY
OF THREADNEEDLE STREET

but we are learning. We have attempted one thing which you hardly dare mention: we own and operate one thousand five hundred miles of government railway, and do not find that it is revolutionary nor subversive of the relations between the state and the citizen. Generally speaking, too, the railways are prosperous. Last year's gross receipts amounted to forty million dollars, and showed an increase not only in passenger traffic, but also in freight carried to the rural districts to meet a rising consumption. Look at these figures: during the past ten years our population increased forty-two per cent., the area of land under cultivation one hundred and sixty-seven per cent., and the railway mileage thirty-six per cent. Is not this a subject for honest rejoicing?"

"But stories of graft in business and

high places, even in government offices—" I insisted.

"We have graft, more's the pity. Have you nothing of the kind in the United States? Are you impeccable? Are your own laws always truly and honestly enforced; are all your public officers saints, more than ours? I should like to see you try to prove that we have more rascals than you; the task would be difficult indeed. Can't you give us credit for honesty, serious-mindedness and sincere ambitions? Such an attitude on your part will do much to foster a true and cordial friendship between us."

"And," I went on, "I hear that in your Caja de Conversion there are held without security ninety million dollars in gold, which at any moment may be secretly withdrawn, leaving the bondholders without redress, hopeless of payment except in depreciated paper."

"Pardon me, señor," he concluded, "I will not talk to you longer. You are like other Yankees; you come down here only to lecture, only to flaunt in our faces a superiority of achievement with a self-righteousness that savors of hypocrisy. We have our struggles, our triumphs, our millionaires, our labor, immigrant or race problems, our state jealousies, our failures and our successes equally with you. You do not trade with us, you invest no money with us, your flag is seldom seen, yet you presume to make yourselves the warden of the western hemisphere. Argentina admires the United States; we follow with careful scrutiny your progress and your development, but we refuse to be subject to your dictation. If you wish our trade, come for it; we will gladly welcome you and treat you as fairly as we treat England, Germany or Italy. If you have a worthy object, visit us, mingle with us, show us that we are all together in the great family of American nations; what by experience you have learned to be wise, we will gladly learn in lessons from you; but do not dare to scold us, to hold yourselves aloof from us; do not assert

that you are nearer the goal of democracy than are we. You are not a democracy yet; you have in many ways defaced the standards years ago held before yourselves and us. If you continue the attitude of self-elected leader, we shall cease to respect you and find our guides elsewhere. If you can not concede a relative equality to us, in God's name leave us to pursue our own path as we may best please."

It was a chastening lecture because of the substantial truth in what he said. Argentina is no longer a glittering generality masking a revolution. She has learned the lesson that material prosperity makes for peace, and though temporarily she may be bloated by the bountifulness of her natural wealth and forget the deeper significances of education and morals, nevertheless she has the resources to carry her onward, and ambitions to justify her claims that her powers are real.

The Avenida Mayo, crowned by a replica of our Capitol at Washington, typifies what her future may be, yet to walk through these busy streets and crowded markets convinces the stranger that the United States partakes but little in this activity. American tools and mechanical contrivances are frequently seen on sale, and the newspapers advertise American imports, but the trade is European. Yet here, as in Brazil, if one looks for them, can be found the two conjoined forces of education and commercial system. Their public school, begun by the genius of Sarmiento, is patterned after our own, and if it is not so complete as ours it is only because the people are not ready for it. The Morris mission schools have received the sanction of the government over the opposition of the church, and the Y. M. C. A. is headed by an American; its members are English speaking, but efforts are making to establish a



AVENIDA ALVEAR

A residential boulevard in Buenos Aires, almost unequaled in the world

Spanish branch. Dun's Agency well illustrates the commercial fever: it doesn't make as much noise as the phonograph or sparkle like the Montana diamond on Calle Florida, but it accomplishes what no other business there has succeeded in doing—it shows graphically the immensity of our enterprises and the expeditious routine by which the machinery moves. Dun's has an international character, so that the Yankee, the Argentinian, the German and the Jap stand together on one plane.

In Buenos Aires no stranger can feel isolated from his world; its press receives telegrams from Paris, Hongkong, Santiago and Indianapolis. There are dailies in Spanish, English, French, German and Italian; artistic, educational and commercial weeklies and reviews to suit every whim. The newspaper distemper is as virulent as it is in New York, and the sheets themselves, though never so yellow, are nearly as fond of sensations. They may not lead public opinion but they help to form it, sometimes from dubious stuff.

Buenos Aires is modern in all respects; the finest city in the new world, and if Argentina can become a fit setting for her capital, she will disprove our complacent platitude that South America is not developing her opportunities as we think she should. Laggards there are, to be sure, even as in other parts of the world, but a newer energy is diffusing itself with undeniable life.

Even little Paraguay, with its one hundred and fifty-seven thousand square miles up the River Paraguay, is beginning to take notice. She has prospects, projects and visions of her own. Paraguay is the market gardener's paradise, but the very bountifulness of nature

makes her people lazy. Land! Why, land can be had there for the asking, and the government is actually begging colonists to come and take it. Nor does Paraguay intend to be tied to the apron strings of Argentina; perpetually she must be subordinate to her big neighbors, Brazil and Argentina, because she has no outlet to the sea and must ship her products overland to the Atlantic through Brazil or down the river, past the sentinels of Argentina in the La Plata, but she refuses to listen to dictation and will buy or sell as she pleases, despite an occasional growl from the merchants in Buenos Aires.

Yes, this storehouse of nature is only waiting for the proper genius to bring the key to all the treasures therein. The Indian would not and could not do it; he has sunken out of mind beneath the stress of the European; the earlier Spaniard did not do it, because his brain was full of other things, and his heart was set upon the deluding worth of gold; the Latin of to-day is a different being, he has the ambitions, but he has not yet the industrial capacity nor the skill to devise the work necessary to reclaim the wilderness. The North European must add his share, but the spirit of freedom must be preserved or the whole fabric of America topples about our ears. These thoughts are unavoidable as one glides quietly out of the splendid docks of Buenos Aires; the life of the modern world has been breathed into her, but it flickers unsteadily as yet beyond her expanding horizons. What nation, what race will finally leave its indelible stamp upon this rich and blessed land? He who answers this question solves the greatest riddle of the twentieth century.

Mr. Hale's next article will treat of Venezuela, the tropical little Republic just across the Caribbean, which has figured so largely in novels of adventure and romance. Venezuela has its soldiers of fortune, but it has, no less truly, a society far superior in culture to that boasted by many a traveler who has maligned a country he could not understand. Mr. Hale will devote two papers to Venezuela, the most picturesque of all the South American states: the first, a vivid, sun-lit painting of the charming life of the whole country, will appear in March; the second, treating of Caracas, the capital city, and the darker shadows which rest upon Venezuela's administration and industry, will follow in April.

Shaking the Shackles



THE late Russell Sage did not believe in holidays. He boasted that throughout his long life he had never found one necessary. Happily, there are few like him, and the average healthy American of to-day looks forward to his or her vacation with the pleasurable anticipation every sane person possessed of ordinary vitality should feel. The old adage says, "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy," and, like many another old saying, it is both trite and true. Supposing, therefore, we are agreed that we must have a rest from our labors once a year at least, the question is: how shall we spend it?

Of course, if we have unlimited time and means, we may go to Saratoga, Paris, Kamchatka, or wherever fancy bids us, but most people must consider expense, and may go only as far as their too-short holiday will permit. Striking an average,

I think that two weeks is about all that most busy folk can spare, and they would, generally, rather keep their expenses down to one hundred dollars than let them exceed that sum.

Well, a good deal may be done in two weeks; and five crisp twenty-dollar bills will yield a vast amount of enjoyment if they be not broken too easily nor too often. Others have written of the glories of the seashore, of the allurements of fashionable hotels; I am going to recommend a trial of the simple-life days and nights passed in the open, with the heavens for a canopy and the murmur of some woodland stream for a lullaby. We who live on the American continent are especially fortunate, seeing that no one can as yet be very far from some tract where nature rules supreme. We have our Maine woods, our Adirondack mountains, the pineries of Michigan, and farther off the

glorious ranges and prairies of the far West. Nay, beyond our borders, north of the St. Lawrence and of the Great Lakes, there is an even more inviting region because of its delightful summer climate, and also because of the vast stretches of forest that have not been spoiled by the ax. Moreover, from many parts of the Eastern or Middle states the backwoods of Canada may be reached in a few hours and at slight expense.

The life of the wild is much the same everywhere, and the woodsman, plainsman, or mountaineer has invariably learned to do without most of the things the city dweller deems indispensable. The motto of the camper might well be "Little we need," and even when he has cut his outfit down to an apparent minimum he will bring back many an unused article. The three requisites are: food, clothing and shelter.

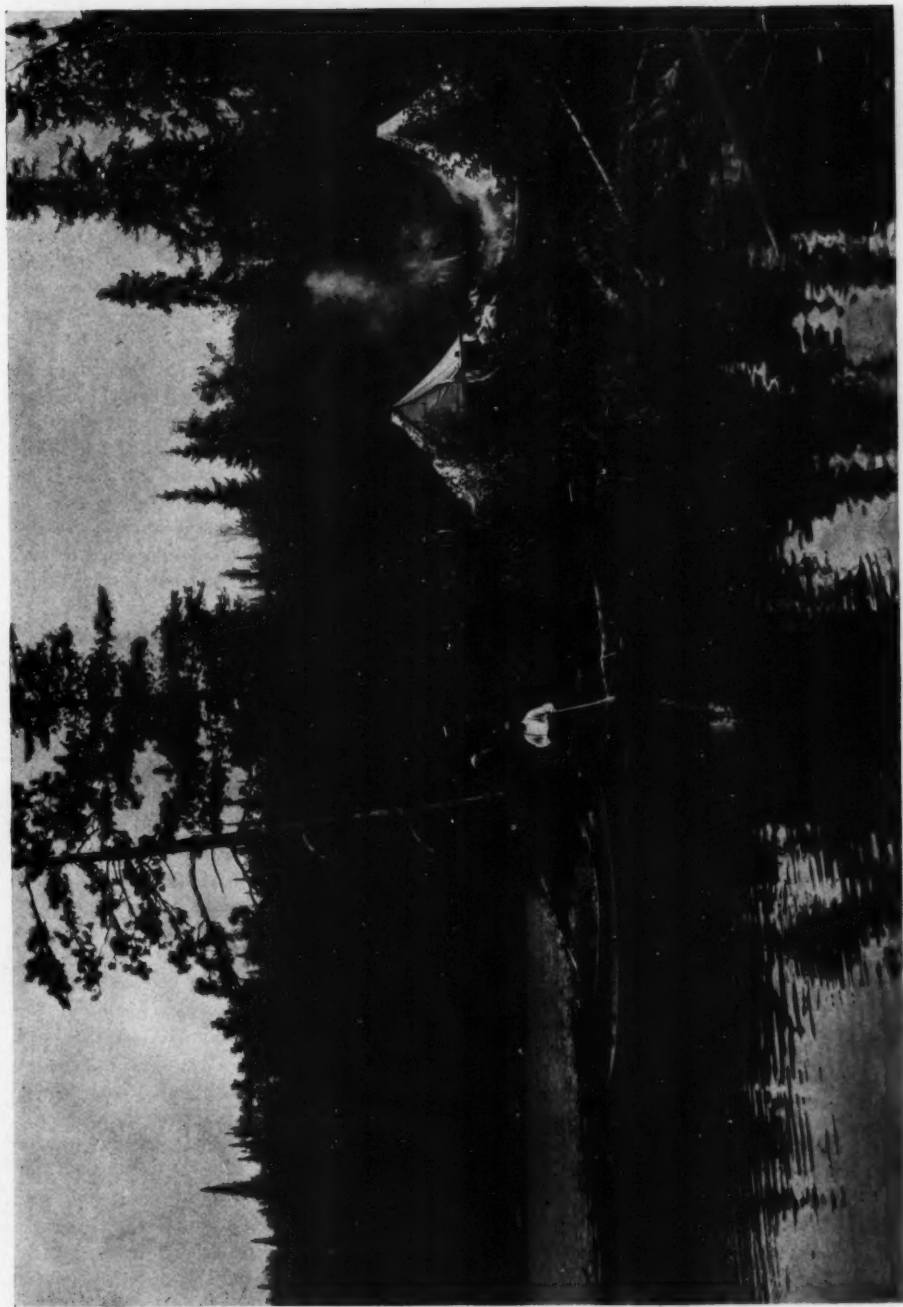
Food is by all odds the most important subject to be considered, and yet I will hazard the assertion that it is the one receiving the least attention, excepting at the hands of the experienced. A strong man, accustomed to rough work, may perhaps require two and a half pounds of nutritious food each day, but few city men will consume so much; hence, if in making up your list of provisions you allow yourself two pounds of the proper kinds of food, you should have enough. Counting the days of your going and of your coming, this means that you will require from twenty to thirty pounds for each member of the party, and in calculating bear in mind that the weight of the cans will not count as nourishment. The tyro is fond of loading himself down with canned dainties; leave the matter to him, and when you open the "chuck" bag you may find canned salmon, embalmed chicken, sweet biscuits and such lady-like food. Then, if you happen to have to face long paddling, or heavy portaging, there will come a time when you would give a good deal more than your loose cash for something a little more substantial. Take the

advice of a man who has bought his experience, and carry with you what the lumberman calls "heartly food."

To many the very suggestion of fat pork will be an abomination, but fat pork eaten in your own dining room and fat pork gloated over far back in the forest seem different. I think a diet of such greasy food in my own house would have as little attraction for me as for any man of my acquaintance, yet I must confess to having enjoyed a piece of pork rind, and frozen into the bargain, more than I ever relished a dish prepared by the chef of some caravansary. But then I had been on short commons for a week, had worked like a beaver, and for the twelve preceding hours had not broken my fast.

Take with you pork or bacon, a little fresh meat, some preserved milk—not cream, that does not keep—tea, coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, sea biscuits, jam, or butter, if the weather permit, and when one of the party is a fair cook you may add flour and baking powder. Dried apples are always worth taking, unless you prefer evaporated peaches or prunes. Put all these things into cotton bags just large enough to hold them, and tag each bag. My system of tagging is to tie on a small wooden label having notches cut in the sides; then you can pick out the bag you need, even in the dark. For instance, one notch might mean tea, two notches coffee, and so on. A little whisky or other spirits is a good thing to have on hand, but it has an exasperating way of evaporating before the crisis arises during which it might be really useful. An old Indian campmate, when asked if nothing had been forgotten, nothing overlooked, confessed that, in his opinion, sufficient "buctawitch" had not been provided. One of the party said: "Nonsense; we have got too much of that stuff already." To which the sachem replied, in a voice full of conviction: "Too much; just enough!" Showing that a difference of opinion must be allowed for.

Next to food in importance comes cloth-



A CAMP ON ISLAND LAKE, ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK, ONTARIO

ing. The fashion of the wilds is simple; garments are usually few in number, stout of texture, and, I was about to add, inconspicuous, only I recalled just in time a vision of certain Mackinaws, the sight of which set the very dogs howling. When you get far enough back the cut of your clothes will not matter, except in so far as your freedom of movement is affected. Neither the woodfolk nor the bears will care whether you wear a jumper or a



A CAMPING OUTFIT IN THE ROCKIES

Prince Albert, though you will find that a short coat has many advantages over a long one. It is not so likely to catch in the fallen tree trunks you may have to crawl over very many times each day. There is, of course, nothing like wool; flannel shirts, homespun clothing, soft hats and good sensible boots are generally best. If you are to take a canoe trip the Indian moccasin is easier on the canoe and

easier on the foot, but for a city man to attempt to walk over a stony portage in thin moccasins is to invite profanity.

Shelter is a mere matter of habit. The greatest master of the art of killing men—Napoleon—found that his troops were more healthy when bivouacking than when living in tents. In his day they had not learned the trick of dodging microbes, and his fighting men would probably not have recognized a pneumococcus had they met one, but he found out, practically, as we have through the teaching of science, that ventilation is the one great secret of good health. If four or five men will crowd into a small tent, close the flap tightly, and take extraordinary pains to keep the night air from making its way in under the walling, they ought to accept their headaches next morning in a philosophical spirit. In summer I have often used a small, closed tent made out of cotton drilling, though I have generally left the end open, excepting for a curtain of mosquito netting. But in cool weather I have found an open lean-to tent preferable, for you may then have a fire that will keep you as warm as toast through a long, cold night. Many a time have we burned a large rock maple between the early dusk of a winter's afternoon and the rising of the laggard sun next morning; and, while the flames shot a dozen feet into the air and the sparks danced merrily among the dark spruce boughs overhead, I have laughed with the very glee of living and thought how much better off I was than any potentate whatsoever.

Of course, the fisherman and the hunter will not forget to take the implements of their crafts. As a rule, fishing goes better with the ordinary vacation than hunting, because the open seasons on birds and beasts do not, generally, begin until somewhat late in the fall, while the speckled trout, or the game black bass are at their

best when the days are long. Although the fly fisherman may consider himself a notch or two above his brother of the bait rod, and although we, most of us, think it just a little bit more sportsmanlike to use the fly, yet it must be allowed that bait as a rule catches far more fish than feathers and tinsel. If you are a novice, take a bait rod weighing eight or nine ounces, a multiplying reel, a silk line, some Dogwagiac minnows, and some snelled hooks, and I would wager you will not go far wrong. The experienced fisherman will do as the rest of us do—carry two or three rods and enough tackle to stock a small-sized store—and then these few remarks may be skipped as superfluous.

In the fall, when the birds are ripe, a good, sensible, twelve-bore shotgun, having one barrel cylinder and the other choke, will meet the requirements of the case as far as partridge, quail or duck are concerned. If you are up to date you will choose a hammerless gun and smokeless powder. In the way of rifles, should you intend going to a region where there are deer, I do not think you can find a more delightful little weapon than the thirty-thirty Winchester; at least, I am perfectly satisfied with mine, and have good reason to be, for it has brought down an eight-hundred-pound moose ere this.

The New Yorker is fortunate in having the wilds of Long Island so near. Eastward of Patchogue, or Huntington, there are extensive scrub oak forests that harbor fair quantities of game, while the bays of the south shore are famous waters for wild fowl each fall, but unfortunately too late to yield sport to the vacationist.

The state of Maine is famous wherever men gather who are followers of either rod or gun. To name one-half of the localities that might be recommended safely would occupy more space than this article is destined to fill; either in summer or in

fall you can make no mistake in visiting Moosehead, the Rangeleys, or the Allagash.

As a camping ground the Adirondacks are hard to beat. They are more beautiful even than Maine, and are magnificently served by two of our greatest transportation companies, but their palmy days, from the viewpoint of the sportsman, are over. You may get fair fishing and some wing shooting, and later on a chance to bring down a deer, but by comparison with the Canadian wilds the sport to be had in the Adirondacks is tame and uninteresting. A somewhat longer ride would



THE INVALUABLE INDIAN GUIDES

take you to Quebec, Montreal or Toronto, and with these as centers the sporting grounds available are simply bewildering in their almost unlimited extent. From Montreal, or Toronto, you may reach the Algonquin National Park, two thousand feet above the sea, and two hundred miles north of the city of Toronto; here you have a climate that in summer is as near perfection as this sphere can supply, and if you are a fisherman you have a choice of twelve hundred lakes, each one a fine fishing water. You may take to your canoe and paddle in and out of these charming waterways, landing salmon trout that often tip the beam at twenty

pounds, or cast either bait or fly over brook trout that are so unsophisticated that they accept every challenge. The best fishing months are May, August, September and October.

Temagami, a peerlessly beautiful lake, northwest of the Algonquin Park, is another famous camping spot, but for the man who has neither time nor dollars to spare, is perhaps not so suitable as other resorts that are nearer to hand, though it would be possible to visit it in the two weeks we have assumed our outing to last, without overdrawing our modest account.

From Montreal the Laurentian highlands may be reached by a short railway journey, and for small trout and quietly beautiful scenery this region is hard to equal—only you should speak French to

gather its full charm, as the habitant farmer, more often than not, can understand but little English.

Quaint old Quebec city, historical to the very foundations, stands at the gateway to the Lake St. John country, the home of the land-locked salmon and of the big square-tailed trout, and farther down the St. Lawrence are the maritime provinces, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, where the village urchins are all born fishermen and each youth is a good shot from the practice that is his upon the moose, caribou and bear of his native forests.

And, let me repeat, each and every trip herein outlined is within your reach if you have two weeks at your disposal and one hundred dollars to spare.

"AND THE NIGHT IS SERENE"

By William J. Lampton

LIE down, O Soul, to rest and peace,
The night serene brings sweet surcease
To toil and trial, and the day
Of tribulation fades away.

Life's labor done, the night serene
Lets fall its curtain on the scene,
And from the restful shadows, clear,
Come hopeful dreams to raise and cheer
The wearied spirits, ill or good,
Which struggled ever as they could.

The night serene, to slave and free,
Comes, in its silent charity
Of grateful rest and blessed sleep,
To those who smile and those who weep;
Enfolding in its calm embrace
The tired runners in the race
Who win or lose, it lulls to rest
Upon its gentle, kindly breast
The strong who stand, the weak who lean—
God's mercy is the night serene.

MEN
WOMEN AND
AFFAIRS

OUR OWN TIMES

BOOKS
THE ARTS AND
THE DRAMA

FEBRUARY is now the dullest month in the year. Every one admits it. In the North it is freezing, slushing, sleeting; the skies are gray or black; houses smoke-begrimed; the winter clothing getting shabby; amusements at low ebb; milk of human kindness almost dried up; crimes rage; suicides are numerous. In the South it is raining.

The red roads are all but bottomless; the buzzards hang menacing; the crows shiver and croak; there is nothing doing. On the ocean the black and white waters look as cruel as death. The ships plunge and toss over the sad waste; the first-class passengers drink more than usual; the second-class passengers are disagreeable with each other; the folk in the steerage no longer sing or play games on the deck. Business is poor; a heavy torpor lies over everything. It seems unlikely that spring ever will come, and the memories of summer are dimmed and faded.

There must be a reason for this. And there is! It comes from the decay of the valentine. Young love droops; birds no longer mate; the poets have gone into business, and the earth has turned cold. The date of the death of the valentine can not be ascertained precisely, but every one knows it was done by a Sense of Humor—a skulking, murderous, ribald Sense of Humor. This Sense of Humor got up a propaganda against the valentine. It went around buttonholing people and saying:

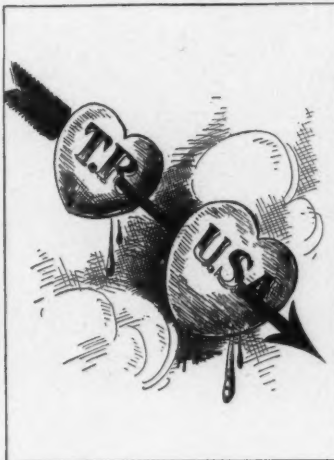
"Now, really, you know, this love and dove business is quite too absurd. There's no use to vary it. Nothing you can do, no device or phraseology or originality can prevent the valentine madness from being lovable and dovish. It's fatal to your prospects

as a lover so much as to recognize the day. And anyway, this sprawling chirography of yours—does that suit itself to tenderness, pray? In the old days, when a lady could put five stanzas of eight lines each on a sheet of note paper, and decorate them with Gloire Dijon roses or forget-me-nots, incarnadined hearts and dripping arrows; it was all very well. That was 'when the world was so new and all.' But now—well, really, you know, it won't do."

It even is rumored that the Sense of Humor visited the thrushes, the vireos, the mocking birds and the flickers and harangued them. At any rate, there is no more billing and cooing in February, no anxiety about bird building material, no rows over desirable sites for nests, with all modern improvements, in the crotches and hollows of the trees.

Of course, February got discouraged. Any month would, at insults and negligences so manifest and so undeserved. She ceased to take an interest in life, and degenerated into a veritable old slouch, with a tousled landscape, a sullen brow, bleared eyes and a dragging gait. If you try to shove her along, she turns like the virago she is and rages. She outstays the time allotted for her one time in four. No romance lingers about her. She who was once the adored of lovers is now the hated of all men. Which goes to show that a Sense of Humor is almost as fatal to true and idyllic blessedness as Calumny itself.

ON every hand is heard complaint of the lack of skilled labor. From the Pacific to the Atlantic, in every village, on every



farm, in every domestic establishment, some form of skilled labor is required. But the comforting reflection comes that America has reached her nadir in this respect. There is an almost universal reaction against this slovenly workmanship. Employers are demanding and insisting upon better service, and in the ranks of the workmen, even, there is a growing aspiration. The labor unions have, inadvertently, exercised a deleterious influence upon workmanship, for the reason that slipshod work has demanded and secured as high a price as work of good quality. But this is a phase. Sooner or later the cry for good work must be answered. It devolves on our educational overseers to arouse in the young the enthusiasm for fine workmanship. They alone can do it. And they are beginning to feel their responsibility in this direction.

quoted in an interview as saying that his connection with missions gives him such information as to enable him to say that Leopold is "a wise and humane ruler." This is too little for the cardinal to say, or too much. Leopold is either three million times a murderer, the most consummate fiend of modern times, a man whose miser's greed has led him coldly to more atrocities than the heat of war should incite a tiger to, or he is basely slandered. In the one case the cardinal may well blush to have been heard in his defense. In the other, the mere statement of any man, however eminent and respected, can not clear the blackened name. In the meantime the world is likely to go on believing that the cardinal is mistaken, and that the pitiful wail from the Congo is a true call to the great heart of mankind for succor from Leopold the Accursed.

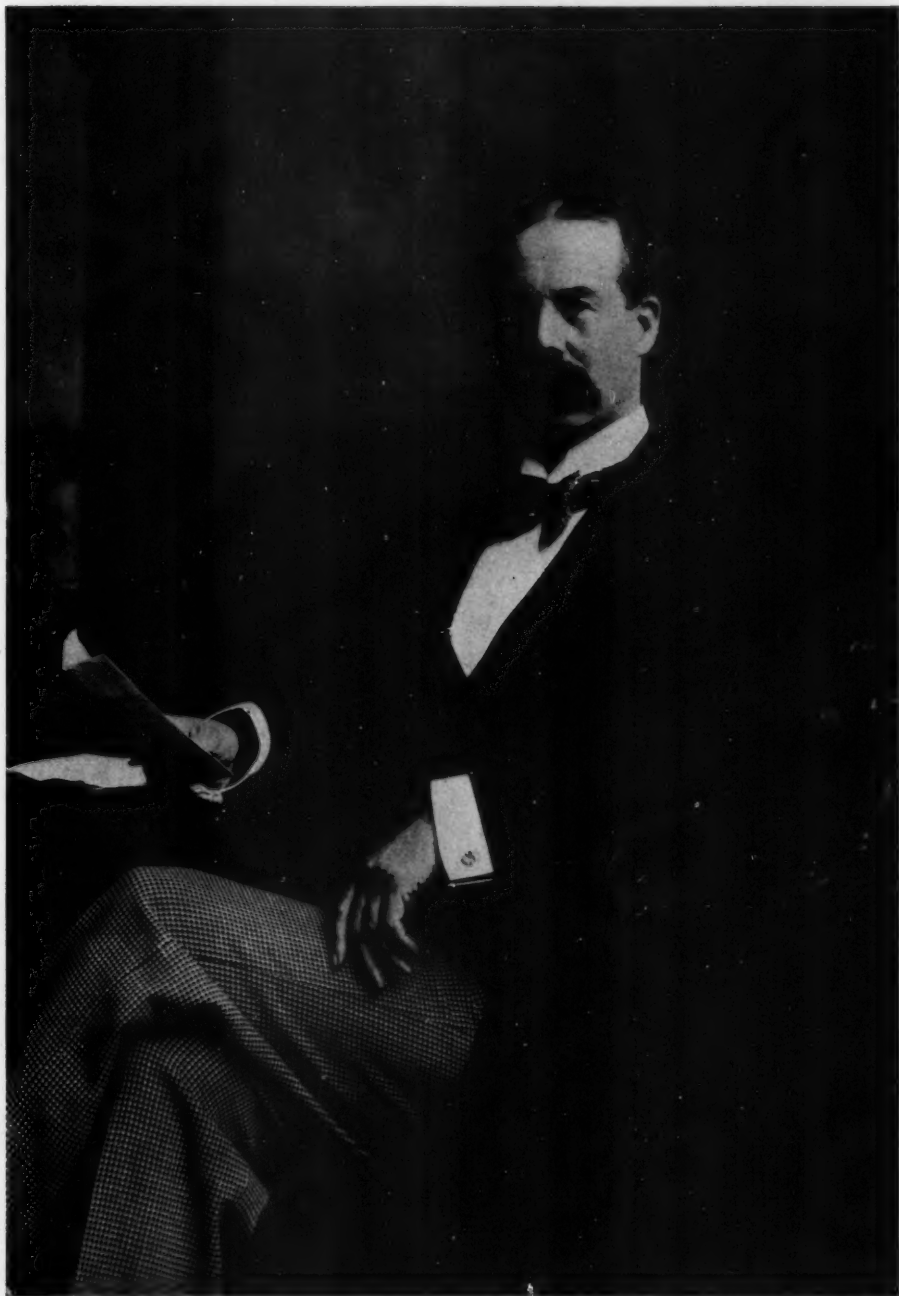


A RENARD AUTOMOBILE PASSENGER TRAIN IN FRANCE

WILLIAM Watson wrote "The Purple East" and lost the laureateship. He "put the wreath of England by To shake her guilty heart with song sublime,"

and in so doing he added to the historic list of surnamed sovereigns a new name. Along with Charles the Bold, Pepin le Bref, William the Silent, Ivan the Terrible, and their fellows, he inscribed the Sultan's cognomen as "Abdul the Damned." The terror of the Congo—if we may believe the testimony of witnesses—calls for a like posting of the royal name of Leopold of Belgium. The title of "Leopold the Accursed" has seemed a proper epithet by which posterity might attest its esteem for that great villain; but recent happenings would seem to call for delay in bestowing it. Cardinal Gibbons is

A PROPOSITION to take all children under fourteen years of age from factories and other places of employment and send them to school has been made by N. O. Nelson, a millionaire manufacturer, to the women's clubs of St. Louis. Mr. Nelson is to pay the children half the amount they would receive for their work, and the clubs the other half. The clubs have yet to give their decision, and, pending it, Mr. Nelson has undertaken to do the work himself. He has investigated for several weeks past every application to the truant officer for permits for children under age to work in the factories, and has, at the present writing, found seven worthy cases. Each week these children call at Nelson's office and receive the money they would have been paid for working—an average of \$8 a week. Then the



SIR THOMAS LIPTON

Photograph by Vander Weyde, N. Y.

The Famous Irish Yachtsman, a True Sportsman of Two Continents



Photograph copyright by Vander Weyde, N. Y.

THE FAMOUS AMERICA'S CUP

For which Sir Thomas Lipton will once more compete in the international yacht races

children have been returned to their schools. In less than one-third of the cases investigated by Mr. Nelson did he find the people to be actually in need of the children's services.

It is a well-known fact that settlement workers, truant officers and charity workers are strongly incredulous concerning the need of child labor. The child of twelve who supports his widowed mother is, they say, a frequent character in fiction, but a difficult thing to find in fact. The amount earned by a child is too inappreciable to be reckoned with; and it is generally held that the state, county or city will exercise a wiser economy by assisting families in need, or by caring for them in institutions, and preserving the strength of growing children. The man or woman whose vitality has been exhausted and whose will and cheerfulness have been

undermined by monotonous and exhausting work during early childhood is, from a sociological point of view, the greatest expense in which the public can indulge. Slovenly in habit, bitter and broken, ready to receive seeds of anarchy, and likely to fill a pauper's grave, these driven children of our commercial system are objects of heart-breaking pathos, and a shame and menace. It might be feared by those unacquainted with the subject that Mr. Nelson of St. Louis has taken upon himself a task impossible for even a millionaire to perform, but time will prove that this is not the case.

It looks as if Mr. Arthur C. Benson, formerly master at Eton, and now fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, had stirred up a hornets' nest at that great public school through his "Upton Letters." This delightful book was first published anonymously, but the name of the author leaked out, and since then there has been trouble. The second edition has just been printed with the author's name on the title-page and with a preface in which he says that, although he took pains to fill his book with imaginary portraits, yet his friends and colleagues at Eton have been much annoyed by the pictures presented.

This Mr. Benson regrets, but he does not retreat from his attitude toward the kind of education in vogue in the large English schools, but which he acknowledges will be hard to change as long as the university entrance examinations remain as they are.

In his eyes the present system of public-school education in England is a grave mistake, the time given to Latin and Greek he considers mostly time wasted, and that the whole method results rather in the stultifying of the boys' powers than in the development of their minds. He declares that boys arrive at school at the beginning of the year "with fair intelligence, and quite disposed to work; and at the other end one sees depart a corresponding set of young gentlemen who know nothing, and are profoundly cynical about all intellectual things," and goes on to say, "I am myself the victim of this kind of education; I began Latin at seven and Greek at nine, and when I left Cambridge I did not know either of them well. I could not sit in an armchair and read either a Greek or a Latin book,

and I had no desire to do it. . . . It is nothing short of infamous that any one should, after an elaborate education, have been so grossly uneducated." Against this system Mr. Benson says he has argued with his colleagues, but in vain. The belief that a knowledge of Latin and Greek constitutes education is too firmly rooted in the British mind to be shaken by one man's views, however reasonable, and the substitute proposed by the author is not calculated to reassure a timid or conservative soul. His idea of a really good education for boys is, Latin for most, Greek for only a few. All should be taught French thoroughly; modern history, chiefly English; modern geography, a very little mathematics and a little elementary science. Such boys, he believes, would be well educated.

Mr. Benson also finds great fault with the methods of teaching in use in England, and such changes as he advocates are all toward a system which has been in vogue in this country for some time, which recalls Edward Everett's saying of over eighty years ago that, as regards education, America had everything to learn from Germany, but nothing from England.

To the average Briton the changes suggested by Mr. Benson would seem almost sacrilegious, but of late years there are signs that more than one English educator would be glad to see something adopted more practical than the classical education given by the universities, having realized the force of Mr. P. G. Hamerton's opinion, who, over thirty years ago, said, in an essay on "Aristocracy and Democracy," that "the uselessness of Greek in industry and commerce was a guarantee that those who had to earn their bread would never find time to master it."

EX-SECRETARY Paul Morton is quoted as saying that the Interstate Commerce Commission should have power over intra-state as well as interstate rates, but that such a power could not be constitutionally exercised. It is difficult to see why this could not as constitutionally be done as anything else necessary to the accomplishment of justice in rates, notwithstanding some judicial decisions in support of Mr. Morton's view. The whole question of rate control is up for re-examination now, and the binding

force of precedents based upon an undeveloped railway situation may be regarded as weakened. If rates within a state are beyond the control of the commission, then a way remains open for the granting of special favors to certain shippers in intra-state business which would be quite as subversive of equality and justice as the private railway charge, for instance, or the rebate, both of which have been declared illegal and criminal. The whole fabric of railway commerce is, in fact, a unit, and any effective scheme of rate regulation must so regard it. Rates favored by the commission or complained of by shippers or by the public will turn out to be proper or improper, just or unjust, remunerative or confiscatory, by reason of their relation to the whole body of



Photograph copyright 1907, Charles Scribner's Sons

DAN BEARD

Artist, and Writer on Out-Door Life

rates, and not because of the scale of interstate rates only; and in the light of present conditions it does not seem likely that the courts will postpone the right to act on these principles until a constitutional amendment covering the point can be adopted—which means indefinite postponement and, it may be, the failure of the whole movement for rate regulation.

THERE is something about the platform for political action recently adopted by the American Federation of Labor that reminds one of the "People's Charter" which filled conservative England with alarm in the early decades of Victoria, and was the dynamic back of many of the most important British reforms. Chartism had in its platform demands for universal male suffrage; the Federation asks for woman suffrage. Chartism had to demand voting by ballot, that universal fact of to-day. Chartism asked for annual parliaments. We suffer from a plague of legislatures and congresses. Chartism was forced to agitate for the abolition of property qualifications for legislators, for paid legislators, and for equal representation as between constituencies. Our new chartists are not troubled about similar grievances. The bitterness and terror with which the privileged classes received these very reasonable and mild suggestions of the radicals of 1838 arouse our wonder. What would the British conservatives have said had there been added to these the following planks of the Minneapolis platform of our chartists: Free schools and compulsory education; abolition of the injunction in labor disputes; a universal eight-hour day; a weekly holiday, on Sunday or some other day; abandonment of the contract system in public work; municipal ownership of public utilities; no sweatshops; workshop inspection, both factory and home; employers' liability for personal injuries of workmen; the nationalization of the telegraph and telephone; abolition of child labor; playgrounds for children in all cities; public bath-houses; sanitary plumbing to be required by law in the plans for all dwellings for which building permits are granted; the issuance of all money by the government? A good deal larger order than that of 1838, and yet not rousing a great deal of excitement.

DO you remember in Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night" the commiseration of François Villon for the poor woman of the street who had frozen to death while still she had a coin in her stocking? What would have been his emotions could he have heard of the case of Fred Cejek, who leaped from a window and dashed himself to death while still he had \$1,000 in his pocket? Think of having \$1,000 and then not imagination enough to perceive its potentialities! What a long way a thousand dollars can carry a man! What speculation with destiny it offers him! New lands, new loves, new friends, new hopes, fresh activities—all these may be had for a thousand dollars, if one have luck on his side and an appetite for adventure. Even if \$1,000 be divided by a hundred, there still remains a chance or two! And a dime, they say, has now and then paid the entrance fee to good fortune. At the last desperate exigency it still is worth while to make another throw.

MR. Henry Worthington Loomis, the well-known composer, has his own ideas about American folk-songs. He says there is music being made to-day "which vibrates from sea to sea" and which is, literally, the folk-song of America. He refers to the street melody, to ragtime, and all the light, tuneful utterance of the people who actually do the music-making, while the much-instructed theoretical musicians produce a learned cacophony with little to recommend it save its musical mathematics. As for the street song, as Mr. Loomis says, "Every one hums it, every piano-organ grinds it out, every theater and every home echoes with it, our folk-music. Street-music is folk-music; that fact we must always bear in mind."

These melodious tunes, he says, are born every day in obscurity. "We forget who composed them, if we ever knew," he says, "but we could always place them geographically, as we could never do with an overture or a symphony by an American." The overtures and symphonies, he is frank to declare, usually are but European echoes, while the vital characteristic of the United States folk-song is the "nowness."

"Stop for a moment," he says, "and think how various are the qualities that enter into the make-up of our popular music. Its mel-



Peer Gynt, The Youth, Acts I, II and III



Peer Gynt, The Plutocrat, Act IV



Peer Gynt, the life-shriven home-wanderer, in the arms of his first love. Act IV
 RICHARD MANSFIELD IN HIS CHARACTERIZATION OF IBSEN'S *PEER GYNT*



MRS. GENE STRATTON-PORTER

The well-known student of bird-life, author of "The Song of the Cardinal," "What I Have Done With Birds," etc.

ody is spontaneous, bright, idiomatic, individual—its harmony is positively new and suggestive, though crude; but, best of all, its marvelous rhythm, its unique ragtime, is what makes it stand out as the most interesting folk-music in the world. Here are rhythms that would have caused Brahms to hold his breath with astonishment and delight. It is the stone that the builders rejected, but it will become the head of the corner. While our distinguished musicians have had their eyes on Europe, the humbler folk, who would not know a symphony from a clinic, stayed at home and sang. Their song was crude, untutored, often vulgar, but it struck no uncertain note—it was American. It had the most important quality—its own identity. There is not an American in a thousand who would fail to recognize one of his country's street tunes anywhere in the world, but he has always been instructed that folk-music is impossible in the United States, and is therefore slow to apprehend the significance of his impression."

One thing is certain: he will require only the very slightest encouragement to proclaim abroad his delight in such classics as

"Waltz Me Around Again, Willie." That irresistible ballad, setting forth the infatuation of the waltzing girl and the sad martyrdom of poor Willie Fitzgibbons, tickles the humorous American to the very core of his consciousness; the very epitome of the waltz of youth and care-free nights is in its rhythm and melody, and the spirit is completely and absolutely American. Of course, to set the charms of "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," down in cold black and white is horribly like painting the lily; but it must be understood that the writer, although capable, for one brief moment, of this cold analysis of that most "peaches and creamy" ballad, would not remain either cold or analytic were its seductive notes to fall upon his ear. Indeed, the mental suggestion is overpowering, and this paragraph is discontinued for the purpose of whistling "Round, and around and around."

FASHIONS may not be an ordinary theme for editorial comment, but the impartial will admit that many a duller subject has been employed in editorial columns. As a matter of fact, every man and woman is interested in fashions. From the cowboy to the millionaire, from the hobo to the clergyman, there are sartorial proprieties and improprieties. The school boy is the slave of fashion; the very kindergarten baby will weep if required to wear something that she recognizes as not in the mode; and the girls and women, when they do not aim to express themselves happily in their clothes, are so violently in protest against fashion as to be, to all intents and purposes, quite as much the victims of the question as if theirs were the frantic desire to be the glass of fashion. For any living creature in a civilized country to affirm that he or she is entirely independent of fashion is out of the question.

Therefore, the statement of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, made upon landing at New York the other day, is of interest. A reporter asked her if she had brought back many Paris clothes.

"No," she said, "I did not. I brought back few, for the reason that I think American-made gowns are far better than those one gets in Paris. The materials are more durable, they are better made, and the dress-maker of this country, to my mind, is more

original in her ideas than are the dress-makers of Paris. The American woman is the best dressed in the world, because she is not bound by style. She is original, and her individuality is expressed in her garments. In Paris that is not so. Women there are slaves to mode. They are all of a pattern."

Mrs. Fish expressed herself happily and accurately, and it may be commented additionally that the last few years have brought a marked independence in costuming among American women. There used to be a good deal of timidity among fashionable women, but this no longer is the case. A charming individuality now is apparent; vivacity or austerity, dignity or *esprit*—all the idiosyncrasies of temperament—may now express themselves subtly in the costume. It is true that American originality is showing itself in this esthetic manner.

THE ship subsidy bill is making another bid for passage. It is one of those measures which possess a strange and ominous vitality outside of their merits. Something beneath or above public opinion revitalizes it whenever it seems killed. It has now been advanced in its parliamentary career to a point from which a quick rush might carry it through. A cabinet member has felt out public opinion in a notable address with such success that the president has given the measure a sort of equivocal support in a message. And yet, where is there any public desire for a ship subsidy? It is merely a demand that the people be taxed for the support of an industry which can not stand on business principles. We have long pursued the national policy of discouraging imports as harmful to the importing country. At the same time we have been at all times a great exporting nation. Exports without imports has been the ideal to which with more or less success we have striven. Our success has been such that our excess of exports over imports has been the thing to which we have pointed as the proof of our prosperity. Exports without imports, however, must be fatal to our merchant marine, since its ships must go laden outward bound and come home in ballast, or we should suffer from an influx of imports. This decline of the merchant marine, which theory would predict, we have actually experienced.

Fifty years or more ago we were among the greatest of the nations in the world's carrying trade. Our protective policy, under which we have so expanded our manufacturing industries, has not been conducive to the rehabilitation of our merchant marine. Now the proposal is, having taxed out of existence the importing which makes foreign commerce profitable, that we shall tax ourselves further to make a one-way commerce profitable. Nowhere does there seem a great public demand for this. The iron-masters, who so greatly benefit by the tariff, would like this additional plum, which would come to them in contracts for the building of the subsidized ships. It would be a pleasant thing to contemplate if we could have direct lines to South America. But when the lines will pay they will be built. And in the meantime our industries seem to be doing quite well without them. One would like to see a popular vote on this single question of the ship subsidy. The measure may pass congress; but that it would survive the referendum not even its most ardent advocates can well claim.



Photograph copyright by J. E. Purdy, Boston

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Author of "Wood Myth and Fable" and other popular works on natural history

THE HORTICULTURIST

By Albert Lee

THERE was a phlegmatic old otter
Who cherished a fondness for botany,
He loved in his garden to potter
With tulips and bulbs when he got any.

To arboriculture he drifted
By a plain evolution of destiny,
And all his attention he shifted
From flora to *Ulmæ Palestinae*.

He trimmed all his trees and his flowers
Into forms that were odd and artistic,
And he really obtained in his bowers
An effect that was quite realistic.

But a sudden conceit one day seized him,
And he found in his manifold duties
The chance to indulge in what pleased him
By raising American Beauties.

Whereat, as he silently pondered
And gazed at the plants he'd been trimming,
He thought of the time he had squandered
While his personal glory was dimming.

So he said: "I will now take these roses
And trim them and train them and snip them,
I'll mold them to one of my poses
And like to my features I'll clip them."

Which he did, without any delaying,
And the subject to carve that he chose is
The cause of his constantly saying
He was first to make "otter of roses."

COMMON SENSE AND THE PLAY

There are many plays in which if the characters exercised a little common sense or asked an obvious question, the complications would be straightened out and the play would suddenly stop long before it reached its destined end. Edward E. Rose, the playwright, best known for his dramatizations, was discussing with a friend a play of this type.

"Why doesn't the heroine ask the hero

such and such a question at the end of the second act?" the friend asked.

"Because," Mr. Rose replied, "if she did she'd be discharged."

EDIBLE CHARMS

By Jeannie Pendleton Ewing

OF old, the Hero's cheeks were thin
He often starved, and thirsted, too,
But since he met the Heroine
He has not lacked for bread or brew.
Here's one young person, half-divine,
Who almost drives him to despair,
With this advantage—he can dine
On "tawny squirrel." That's her hair!

Perhaps a darker comes his way,
Endowed by novelist expert
With "chestnut" locks. *Marrons glacés?*
There's nothing nicer for dessert.
One shows a warm "burnt orange" tint;
Another holds the cheerful shine
Of winter firelight, and its glint
Delicious, in her "hair's dark wine."

Not these alone; her "cherry lip,"
Her "olive skin," her "peachy cheeks,"
Her "filbert nails" with rosy tip,
Provide him, sure, with all he seeks.
Game, fruit, *hors d'œuvres*, dessert, and last
The richest, most preferred of wines
Are ready; he may end his fast.
Monsieur is served! The Hero dines!

THE HIGH AND THE LOW

By Edwin L. Sabin

THE black-bird to the bovine spoke:
"Soft beams thy gentle eye—
Oh, sweetest cow, but hear my croak,
And far away we'll hie."

The bovine mildly switched her tail;
She swung it to and fro.
"For people of my social scale
'Tis properer to low."

The other's plea each, firm, denied;
And steadfast in their mode,
Away the black-bird, stubborn, hied,
The bovine, stubborn, lowed.

